KICK-OFF — THE PRIVATE LIFE OF ERNIE NEVERS, ALL AMERICA FOOTBALL STAR

Liberty

5¢

OCT. 14, 1933

NRA MEMBER U.S.

WE DO OUR PART

Another
FATHER BROWN
DETECTIVE THRILLER
by
G. K. CHESTERTON

IT TAKES HEALTHY NERVES TO PLAY CHAMPIONSHIP BRIDGE!

● CONCENTRATION is impossible, says Mr. Barclay, if your nerves are jumpy. "I prefer Camels because I can smoke as many as I want without jangled nerves."

●ABOVE—SHEPARD BARCLAY, who in two months won twenty tournaments with twenty brand-new partners, smokes steadily while playing.

● LEFT—WHETHER YOU smoke while you play bridge or play bridge while you smoke ...change to Camels—for more pleasure, for the sake of your nerves —and your bridge!

Steady Smokers turn to Camels

SHEPARD BARCLAY says: "Every bridge player can and should learn every system of contract bridge...but it takes *real* concentration to play a different system with every partner. That kind of concentration naturally involves terrific nerve strain. Personally, I find smoking a decided help to concentration. I prefer Camels... I can smoke them steadily without experiencing jangled nerves . . . they're always mild!"

Steady smoking brings out what a cigarette's really got. Smoke Camels yourself. Make your own comparisons. Your own experience will confirm all that Mr. Barclay says.

IT IS MORE FUN TO KNOW

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand. Leaf tobaccos for cigarettes can be bought from 5¢ a pound to $1.00 ...but Camel pays the millions more that insure your enjoyment.

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Camel's Costlier Tobaccos

NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES
NEVER TIRE YOUR TASTE

OCTOBER 14, 1933

Liberty

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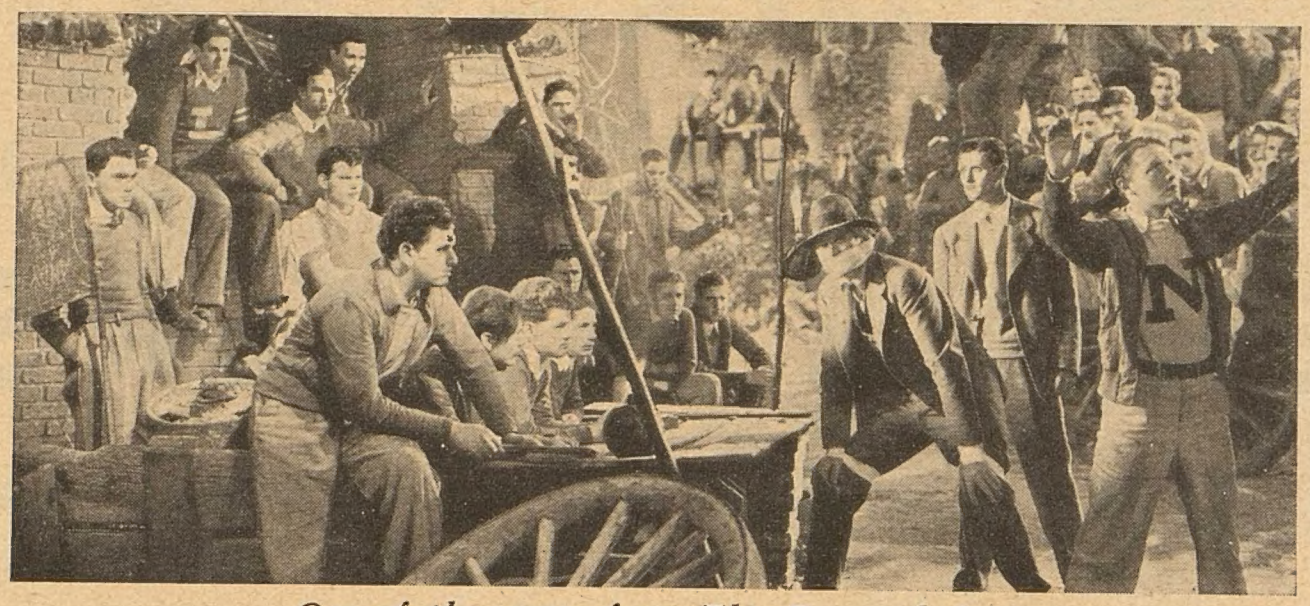
BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER
WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR

FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR
WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR

HOW TO *CRUSH* THE RACKETEER



One of the scenes from This Day and Age

CECIL B. DE MILLE has been classed among our greatest movie directors. But all his previous efforts are overshadowed by the thrilling dramatic recital of his most recent picture, This Day and Age.

If a movie director ever made a masterpiece, this is it. It should help to sound the death knell of the racketeer just as Uncle Tom's Cabin did for slavery.

Here we find the evil of racketeering exposed in all its devastating details, and wound around the masterful disclosures of the criminal world is an emotional drama of tremendous appeal.

Never has the writer seen a picture with more sensational and thrilling dénouements.

And it presents an effective remedy. It shows how we have lost sight of justice in a maze of legal details; how criminals escape by these legal subterfuges. And it shows just how the youth of the country can save us while there is still hope.

We must look to youth for definite worth-while changes. They have not been tainted nor demoralized by conventional conservatism. They have the spirit, the courage to fight for the right.

In this heart-throbbing play we see a racketeer murder a tailor who is much beloved by the college students. He knows the trials and troubles of his youthful patrons. He has spirit and courage and he fails to " give up " to the gang which is preying upon his line of business.

The king of the underworld determines to personally do the job of crushing his spirit. He arranges a plausible alibi in his cabaret. Before the assembled audience he introduces a roller-skating team. He then hurries to the tailor's shop. The tailor's spirited resentment enrages the racketeer, and a shot from his revolver kills him instantly. Before the racketeer can leave the scene of the crime a student discovers him and accuses him of the murder. The racketeer then hurries back to his cabaret just in time to appeal to the audience for the applause of the dancing skaters.

The tailor had many friends among the college boys and they were incensed at the brutal crime. Every effort was made to convict the racketeer, without avail. His alibi was perfect. The technicalities of the law enabled him to evade conviction.

The spirit of our pioneer ancestors then moved some of these college youths. They carried out a plan in which a number of the student body took part. They got the racketeer away from his bodyguard and abducted him, carried him to a huge stable, where they conducted a mock trial.

But it was no mockery to him.

On the top of a huge well which they had filled with hundreds of rats they had several planks. They hung him by the shoulders from the rafters over this well. They removed one plank at a time as he refused to acknowledge his guilt.

But finally, when all the planks were removed and he was lowered into the seething den of hungry rats, he cried out in agony and then confessed.

A heart-moving and at times thrilling love tale is carried through the story. The heroine plays an important part in entertaining the gunman's bodyguard who has been attracted by her.

All through the story one is moved by the dramatic intensity of the actors. They play their parts with intense conviction. They appear like real crusaders.

The writer will be surprised if this picture does not help arouse to action the torpid spirits of our old-time Americanism.

The youth of this land must assume the responsibility of crushing this criminal horde. They can throw aside the dry-as-dust details of old worn-out legal restrictions, many of which have become so complicated that Justice can well hang her head in shame.

—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

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KICK-OFF

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF ERNIE NEVERS

ALL-TIME ALL-AMERICA FOOTBALL STAR

As told to

LOWELL THOMAS

(Reading time: 22 minutes 5 seconds.)

EVERY year there are wonder players in football. But there are only a few All-Time stars. There's Big Jim Thorpe, the Indian. There's Pudge Heffelfinger, Yale's giant guard in the early '90s. There are Walter Eckersall of Chicago, Willie Heston of Michigan, Johnny Poe of Princeton, and a few others. And—there is Ernie Nevers of Stanford.

Nevers is the latest to cinch his niche in football's All-Time Hall of Fame. His last college game was played in 1925—the Western football classic between Stanford and the University of California. Stanford licked the Golden Bears for the first time in twenty years. Nevers, the captain of Stanford's eleven, hung up records in that clash that probably never will be equaled. As one of the sports writers said, the story of that big game "was not a story of a football game, but of a big blond charging figure that was in the center of every play."

"Pop" Warner, dean of the country's football mentors, said after that last season of Ernie Nevers's in college football:

"In all my thirty years of coaching I have never seen a better player than Nevers. He is the greatest football player I have ever known, and I have coached Jim Thorpe and seen Willie Heston in action many times."

And Pop should know.

That year Nevers was chosen on every All-America team that was selected, including the one picked by Rockne, Tad Jones, and Warner.

Red Grange of Illinois and Jake Slagle of Princeton were rated no better than the second team by the Big Three.

After leaving college Nevers went into professional football. For the five years he played pro ball he was the unanimous choice for All-Pro fullback every year.

Back in the Trophy Room at Stanford is a football jersey with a big white "1" on the back. It is the sweater Nevers wore. It will continue to hang there as long as there is a

U. & U. News photo

Stanford. And No. 1 will never be issued to any other Stanford player.

I've tried to tell his story here as nearly as I could in his own words—just as he has told it to me.

LOWELL THOMAS.

PART ONE—THE COLLEGE WIDOW

OLD Man Hard Luck took the field right beside me in the first game I played on my freshman team at Stanford. When the ball rose up into the air and began to tack my way, I said under my breath:

"Atta baby, come to your pa!"

"All the way, fella!" Swede Solomon yelled, cutting across and racing on ahead of me.

That was when the ground rose up and smacked me on the ear. I had stepped into one of the sprinkler holes. Somebody had forgotten to put the cover on it. I lay there a minute. It couldn't be true—but it was. Pains were shooting through my ankle.

The referee tapped me on the shoulder as he took the ball out of my arm.

"O. K?" he asked.

"Sure," I said, jumping up. I hopped around, easing my weight down a little more heavily with each hop. It hurt, but I was sure the ankle would limber up.

Solomon came trotting back from the midfield. He was fullback and captain.

"You better get out till you find out how bad the ankle is," he said.

"Give me the ball this time," I answered. "We'll see how bad it is."

The ball was snapped to me for an off-tackle plunge, and the line opened up a wide hole. I should have clicked off twelve or fifteen yards before even having to sidestep, but the minute I started to sprint, that game foot began to wabble. They rolled me out of bounds after I had taken half a dozen strides.

Some one slapped me on the back and said, "Tough luck, Ernie." It was the substitute the coach had sent in to take my place.

"What did you want to run on it for?" Husky Hunt, the coach, asked me. "Don't you know better than that?"

My face must have shown how I was cursing my luck.

"Forget it," he said. "This is just a tryout."

That game ankle stayed with me all season. The game we pointed for was, of course, the "Little Big Game" with the California freshmen. Second only to that was the one the week preceding when we mixed it with the brethren from the University of Southern California.

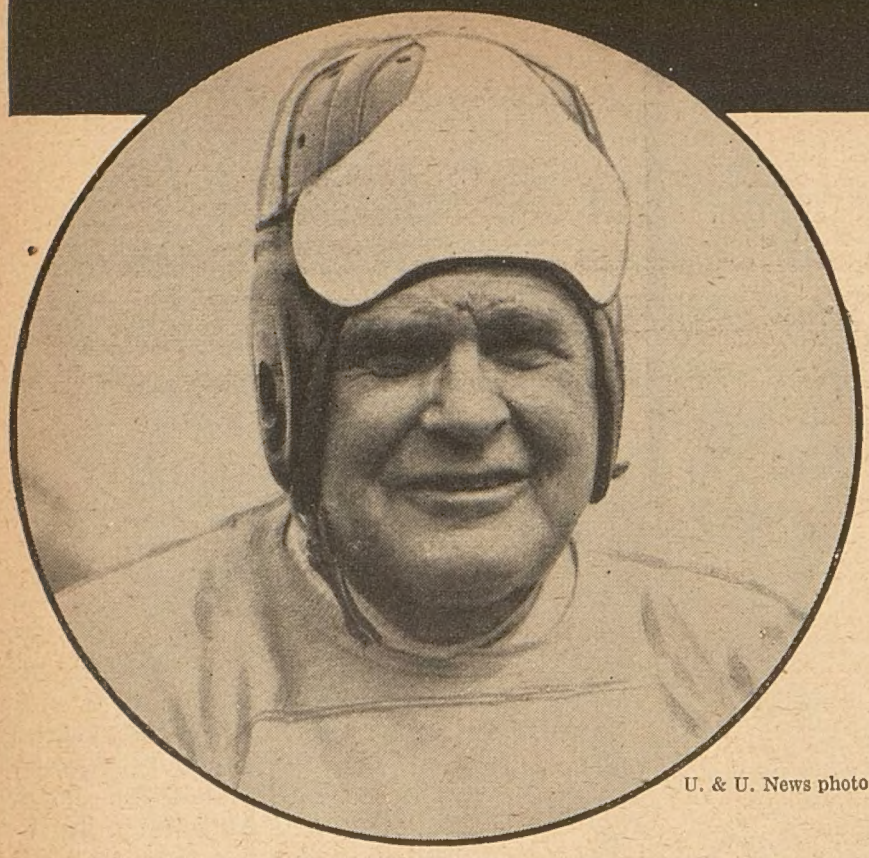
The one thing I had always been able to do was kick, and this year, partly because of expert coaching, I had stepped myself up until I was averaging from forty to forty-five yards or more from the scrimmage line. Ordinarily in a close game a punting weapon like

Universal Pictures photo

Ernie Nevers punting. The big 1 back of him was the number on his jersey at Stanford—where it is still sacred to him. You can spot him by it in the picture on the opposite page: Stanford vs. California in 1923.

Keystone View photo

At the left is Fred Solomon, who shared the nickname "Swede" with Ernie. At right is W. Finlaw Geary.



U. & U. News photo

that, except for bad breaks, could be pretty much depended on to give us the edge. But their kicker Dorsey was just as good or better.

On the Wednesday of that week we were scrimmaging with the varsity. I was playing defensive half. One of the guards tore into me. When I started to get up my left arm folded up as though it were made of rubber.

The arm wasn't broken, nor the collar bone, but the ligaments of the shoulder were badly torn. So in addition to the ankle I took that shoulder into the game with me.

Their team was all that we had feared. In spite of my ankle and shoulder I held my own with Dorsey on the kicking. After each exchange we were back on even terms with them—but our line was taking a mighty beating. Toward the end of the first quarter they had us backed up on our twenty-five-yard line. Dorsey dropped a kick square between the posts and they were leading 3 to 0.

In the second quarter their fullback tore his way through the line. Solomon pushed me aside and made the tackle himself. As he got up, he gasped:

"For God's sake, keep that ankle out of trouble! Our only chance is to kick our way out."

The signal came for me to fade and make a pass. I saw three of their men charging for me, and made a quick step to the left. That's when my ankle went blooey that game. I didn't know anything until I opened my eyes just in time to get them full of cold water. I had to go out of the game. It was tough to have to watch that swell see-saw scrap from the side lines. We won 10 to 9.

BUT the "Little Big Game" loomed ahead. The night before the game W. Finlaw Geary and I were sitting in my room. He was one of the town's leading attorneys and one of Stanford's fightingest alumni. I think he was one of the greatest "bleacher coaches" in the country.

"You might as well make up your mind to it," he said, "those fellows up at Berkeley will be laying for you. They're going to give you one awful razzing."

"Why should they pick on me?" I asked.

"Because last summer they'd made up their mind they'd get you into California. They thought you were so green you wouldn't know how to talk yourself out of it once they got you up there. In August three or four of them came down to take you up to Berkeley. Jimmy Lawson"—one of our varsity stars—"recognized them. He got his brother to load you in his car and streak off for my place in Santa Rosa with you. Do you remember that trip?"

I did. They had told me that Finlaw had suddenly decided to have a barbecue that night and that I simply had to be there.

"Well, after getting you out of town Jimmy called me again and said the Cal men were following you up to Santa Rosa and that I'd have to hide you somewhere."

"Was I *that* green?" I asked.

"You were. There was no time for anything but action—no time to talk things over. Just where to hide you I didn't know. Then I thought of Rita."

"Rita"—that is not her real name, of course—was (and still is) a stunning widow, the college widow plus.

"Taking you under her wing," Geary was saying, "was just Rita's meat. She came over from San Francisco on the next ferry. You remember going out with her that night, don't you?"

Yes indeed, I remembered. Rita had seemed to me the most dazzling, the wittiest, and most sophisticated (that was the word!) person I had ever met. We had driven up to the Russian River. Rita of course didn't arrange to have the moon full as we went up the river road, but she made the most of it.

"THE California boys," said Geary, "stayed in Santa Rosa all that night and were prowling around town most of the next morning. But by the time you and Rita got back they had gone. So they'll be ready for you tomorrow!"

The field for the game next day was wet and slippery, and this was a big advantage for California. They outweighed us from five to ten pounds per man. It was 27 to 0 in their favor at the end of the first half.

And every time I came anywhere near the California bench, what a razzing I got! I'd made up my mind I wouldn't answer them. Geary had said: "Throw it back in their teeth. But do it with football, not conversation."

We'd expected to lose this game. With the ribbing from the Cal bench to spur me on I played as hard as I could. When we finally did get the ball, and were set down one-two-three-four, and I dropped back to kick, I swung on it with enough power to lift the whole gang that was razzing me, and raced down under it. Their safety man got past our end, so I had the satisfaction of nailing him. But it was about the only real chance I got to do anything that counted.

In the last quarter "Big Smoke" Francis, their giant Negro tackle, got the shot at me he had been trying for all afternoon. I saw him coming but went straight at him. Several thousand pounds of dynamite exploded in my face. And when I came around the game was over.

As I hobbled out of the gym, I saw Geary's car parked across the street. Even at that distance he looked the picture of misery. I rested my hand against a tree to pull myself together before he saw me. Then I realized that some one—a girl—had stopped and was leaning against the other side of the tree.

"Hello, Ernie," she said.

I jumped and stepped around the tree. It was Betty.

Betty was the little kid I'd played around with and had quite a puppy-love affair with in Santa Rosa. She had been one of the big reasons why I had planned to go to California. She had to go there. Her family were all dyed-in-the-wool U. of C.s. And the night when I had told her that I'd changed my mind and was going to Stanford—well, it had been a tragic night for both of us.

"Are you really hurt?" she asked.

"I'll be all right."

She put her hand under my elbow. "Come on, let's walk along a little. Don't you want to?"

"For Lord's sake, don't take my arm. I'm not that much of a cripple. I've been razzed enough today without that."

"Some of the kids are throwing a little brawl over at the St. Francis—but maybe you don't feel like going."

"If you're asking me to go—sure. I can't do any dancing, though."

"That's all right. I want to talk to you."

When I crawled into Geary's car he was sitting with his

face in his hands, weighed down with his sorrow. "But," he said, "you've made the varsity. I'd bet a million on it."

Betty and I were sitting out a dance that night.

"You said you wanted to talk to me," I reminded her.

"I did. You're a marvelous letter writer, Ernie. I'm going to get a big box and keep all the letters you've sent me. Both of them—and the post card too."

"You know I'm no good at writing letters."

"Well, I hope she's not a blonde—you're so awfully blond yourself."

"I'll swear I don't know a single coed down there."

"You haven't kept away from them because of me?"

I didn't know how to take that.

"Because—well, I'm glad if you haven't. Maybe I'm silly even to tell you. I know it doesn't make any difference, but—I'm a one-man dog, and I can't help it."

"You don't mean you're engaged to some guy?" I cried.

"No! We've both got four years of school ahead of us!"

"Who is he?"

"I'd rather not tell you."

"A football man? On the team today?"

"Yes."

"Which one?"

"The good-looking one."

"I was too busy chasing them to see what they looked like. I suppose he'll be on the varsity next year?"

"You bet he will."

"Good. And I'll be on ours."

"Yes. That's why I won't tell you his name."

"All right. I'll find out who he is. I've got to. So I'll be sure not to hurt the wrong man. I'll promise not to hurt him—more than once."

The sad part was that to be on the varsity I would have to do some studying. I hadn't got around to much of that. I'd just begun to realize how much ground I had to make up when calls for red-blooded men to come to the aid of the university on the basketball floor were sounded.

After football, basketball was my game. And by the time that freshman basketball season was over I was several laps further behind in my studies.

It was then that the coaches seemed to awake to the fact that athletics at Stanford were entering a new era. The reason was "Pop" Warner was coming!"

POP WARNER, daddy of all the football coaches in the country, with a thirty-year record behind him that no one could match! Pop Warner, whose "system" has had more to do with making football the game it is than any other one factor! He was on his way to Stanford! True, he himself would not arrive that year, but he had sent his lieutenants, Andy Kerr and Tiny Thornhill, on ahead.

So the old halls rang that spring with whoop-up meetings. If the football team was going to lead the big parade, could the baseball team lag behind? Well, I had always played baseball; and so, before I'd quite caught my breath from the basketball season, I found myself one of the three regular pitchers on the frosh baseball team.

That was when the track coach raised his voice. How about track? I had never gone in for it, but it didn't take much of this high-pressure stuff to make me see that it was practically treachery for a man of my build not to be out throwing the discus and javelin.

I still hadn't got anywhere catching up on my studies, but one thing I couldn't fall down on was spring football practice. Not with Pop Warner coming.

Spring football practice is a grind at best, but no squad ever slaved harder at it than we did that year. Pop Warner was going to make a quick trip to the coast some time during the spring. Who got the places on the first Warner-picked team would largely depend on the showing made when the master gave us the once-over.

At that juncture the blow fell. I got my marks for the next to the last quarter of the year. One more flunk and I would no longer be a Stanford student.

Pop Warner arrived unexpectedly, and we staged the fateful practice game. For the first time in a game that mattered, I had no twisted bones or muscles.

Between the halves we were a winded gang of athletes. I don't believe a word was spoken as we sat there wondering what the Old Man thought. I saw him leave the other coaches and walk over slowly toward us. He looked like a man crushed with disappointment.

"My God!" somebody said under his breath. "We couldn't have been *that* rotten."

Warner stopped a little distance from us with his hands clasped behind his back, and looked us over sadly. Then, as he turned away he called over his shoulder:

"Nevers!"

I scrambled to my feet and fell into step beside him, trying to think, "Well, what's the difference? I'm flunking out anyway." But it didn't help.

FINALLY he spoke. "Who ever told you you were a halfback, Nevers?"

I told him that I had played half on the frosh team.

"Yes," he said. "But it was all a mistake. You're not a halfback. You're a fullback." He took a few more steps in silence. "From now on you're a fullback," he said.

Again I jumped. On a Warner team the fullback is the spark plug, the mainspring and pivot of every play!

That night at the fraternity house every time a man banged me on the back it sunk me a little lower. I telephoned to the one friend I had in the university who knew nothing about football. That was Jane. She was the only coed I knew, for that matter.

We went canoeing, and she said:

"Well, what happened at the football game today?"

The paddle nearly slipped out of my hands.

"How did you know there was a football game?"

"To tell you the truth, I was out there watching it."

"For the Lord's sake, why? Why watch a practice game?"

"I wanted to see what the great Pop Warner looked like. And—I wanted to see how you got along. What did Warner say to you there between the halves?"

"He advised me to take up debating or something better suited to me."

"What do you mean? He did not!"

"No, but I almost wish he had. He told me he was going to keep me at fullback. Do you know what that means?"

"Oh!" she cried. "Of course! I certainly do!"

"Well," I said, "what you don't know is that I'm as sure of being rolled out this quarter as I am that there's a swell moon over there."

"Oh! I was afraid of that. *But you're not rolled out yet!* From now on you've got a new coach. That's me. What are you worst at? History? All right. We'll

Keystone View photo

CLAUDE "TINY" THORNHILL

go home now, and I'll give you a list of questions you'll have to answer tomorrow."

She kept her word. She carved out a man-killing schedule, and we stuck to it. That berth on the varsity depended on this cramming. In addition, there was Geary. I hadn't realized how deeply he was wrapped up in my career. We had grown to be great friends. And there was "Scotch" Campbell, whom I'd come to like tremendously. He was captain of the team for next year. To flunk out would let him down.

Jane did her work well, and when examination week came around I got by. I was back in college as a sophomore next fall. I was still on the ragged edge, but I was in.

No sophomore was ever more cocky starting his first game than I was when we took the field against the outfit that came over from Nevada U. And no sophomore ever had the cockiness so completely blasted out of him.

I don't mean that Nevada that year was particularly strong. What smacked me in the face was the big difference between varsity and prep-school football. My own game was as good as ever, but the one that was going on around me was making about a hundred revolutions more a minute.

After I had flubbed two or three punts and almost handed them a score, Thornhill sent Solomon in to relieve me.

"If this is a bush-league game," I thought as I sat on the bench, "what in hell will the one next week be?"

Southern California came up to Stanford with blood in their eyes. About the only time northern and southern Californians agree is when they get to talking about Florida. And you find the same rivalry in highly concentrated form in the two universities.

Also, this year, the fact that we were importing Pop Warner from the East was a challenge no loyal Trojan could take lying down.

The confidence we on the team felt fired the whole college. There were thirty thousand or forty thousand rooters there to see the new day dawn for Stanford.

The first time we ran with the ball Scotch Campbell, playing quarter, called the play he and I had been working on since the very start of the season. The effect this time was perfect. I took the ball from center and stepped back and to the side and started a charge into the short side of the line. Then I stopped and side-stepped again, as their line crashed into ours. Campbell had dashed through the other side and was running free. I heaved a long pass which he turned and caught, going at top speed. He raced for twenty yards or so before he was spilled—first down, on the first play.

We threw them back until they held us on their six-yard line. It was fourth down and we had to score or lose the ball. When the ball came to me this time I spun around and gave it to Murray as he came circling behind me from his right halfback position. They were completely fooled. He had a straight shot for the goal line—and then came the first jolt we got in that heartbreaking game. One of our own men fell into Murray's legs. We lost the ball and the score.

"Come on!" said Campbell in our next huddle. "Forget that. We'll do the same thing right over again."

We did. We carried them back half the length of the field, and this time we scored. But the fighting southerners were not yet convinced.

They got started and pushed us to our three-yard line before we could jam the brakes on them. I had to drop back behind our own goal to kick. As I swung I was knocked flat. It was the first time in a varsity game I had ever had a punt blocked. And I'd picked a good time for it. They fell on the ball behind the line and there was their score.

We were tied 7 to 7 at the end of the half.

Between the halves I was sunk. Southern California, except for that one drive, had not made a single first down—and just because of me they had tied us up!

Stanford's 1932 coaching staff. Front row, left to right, Ernie Nevers, Tiny Thornhill, Head Coach Pop Warner, and Bradshaw. Behind, standing, are Cuddeback and "Red" Han.

Acme photo

We hadn't run more than three plays in the second half before I saw the real damage my boner had caused. Our sweetly tuned teamwork was missing. Again we tried the spinner with Murray circling the short left end. Somebody in the line jumped the wrong way. Murray was knocked rolling and the ball popped out of his arms. I dove for the ball, but was buried under half their team.

In the huddle Campbell said to me, "All right; boot it. Roll it out on their six-inch line—that will square everything."

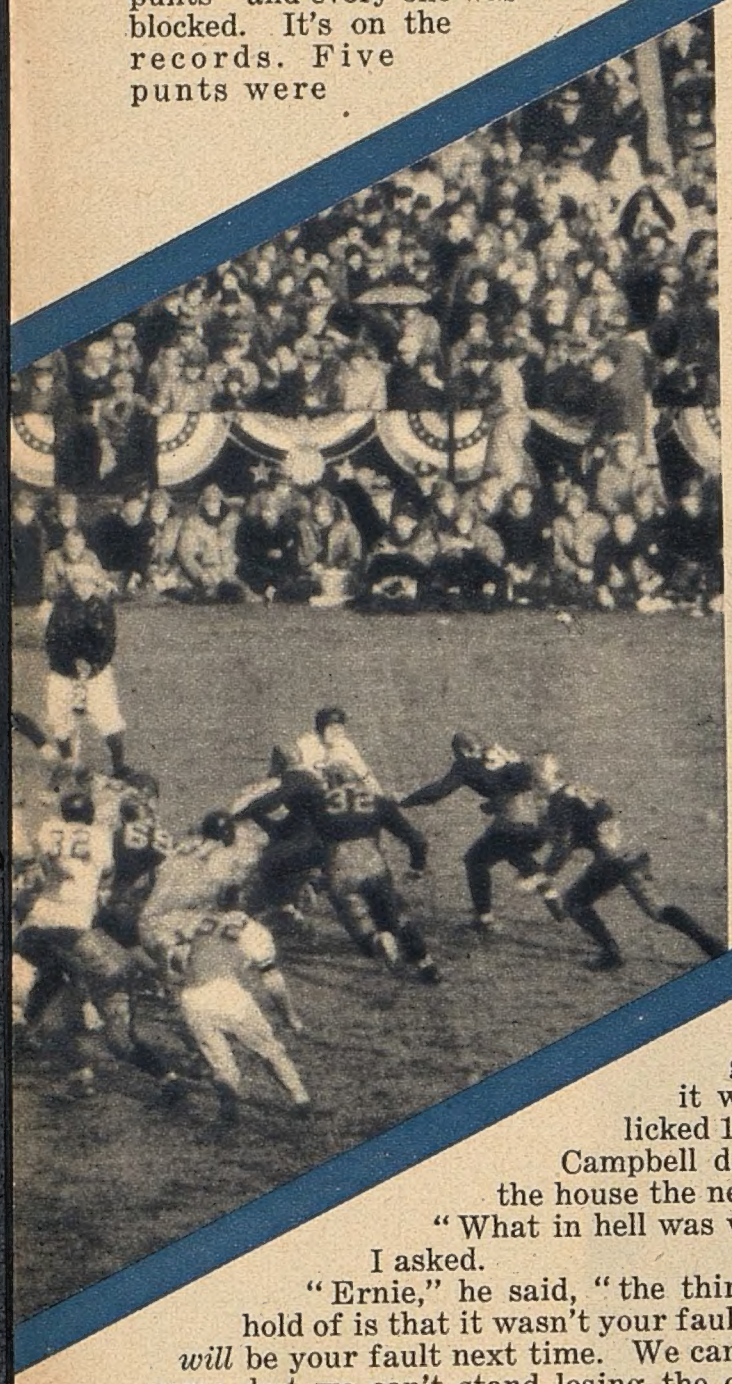
As I dropped back to punt I clamped my teeth. Every

nerve in my body was taut as I swung my foot up. The ball was away—and there was a thud. They had blocked it again! Not only that; they had run it back to our four-yard line. From there they hurled us back over for the touchdown. And then they were leading us 14 to 7.

Campbell threw his arm around my shoulder.

"Never mind it, guy! Don't let it get you. It was all the line's fault. They didn't hold 'em!"

The fine edge of our offensive play was gone for good after that. Something had slipped completely out of focus in me. I tried three other punts—and every one was blocked. It's on the records. Five punts were blocked in that one game, and when it was over we were licked 14 to 7.



Acme photo

Pop Warner with big Jim Thorpe, whom he coached years ago at Carlisle. Until Ernie Nevers did his stuff, the big Indian was considered the brightest of the all-time football stars.

Campbell dropped around to the house the next morning.

"What in hell was wrong with me?" I asked.

"Ernie," he said, "the thing for you to get hold of is that it wasn't your fault. If you don't, it *will* be your fault next time. We can stand losing this game, but we can't stand losing the one decent punter we've got."

I don't know whether he really believed that or not, but it was a mighty fine thing for him to say. If he hadn't, I'm not sure that I ever would have punted again.

We went up to Portland to meet the University of Oregon. Punting in practice, I had developed greater speed and more distance and better control than I had ever had before. But kicking in practice is very different from kicking in a game. I wanted a real test under fire. However, we beat Oregon easily; and after the game I could still only guess what I'd do in another real pinch.

However, the team got back that confidence Southern California had all but knocked out of them. Going back they were a boisterous crew. At the station we had noticed a bevy of girls. On the train we found out that they were the chorus from the comedy Blossom Time.

They were haughty and prim, ignored us entirely during dinner. We, however, talked them over freely, trying to decide which ones we would take dancing in San Francisco. And the only rise we got was an occasional shrug.

Afterward Solly Solomon said to me, "Did you notice what those kids ate? They must be hounds for lettuce and tea!"

"I suppose they weren't hungry," I said.

"Me eye! They're broke! And here we are signing for our meals!"

He went from one to another of us enlarging on this charitable thought. So as they came straggling back from breakfast next morning, each man picked out the one he liked and asked her to have lunch with him. The one I drew was a slender, dark-eyed little beauty with a very elaborate New York accent.

"I loathe eating on trains," she said. "Don't you?"

"No, I never loathe eating," I answered. "Better try a steak. They're great on this train."

"Oh, I don't know that I should. My figure!"

After she had daintily disposed of the shrimp cocktail, bean soup, and fish, and started in on the steak, potatoes, peas, and salad, I began to wonder if her act on the stage wasn't sleight of hand. But she kept on, always daintily—topping off with pie, cheese, crackers, and coffee.

She was really a nice little kid.

We kicked off to Idaho the following Saturday, and the mighty Fitzke caught the ball. Where had I seen his curious high-kneed running gait before? On the next play I crashed into him.

He gave me a glare as he got to his feet.

"So that's the way they play up in the lumber camps, is it?" he said. "Do they pay you extra for that?"

We held them on the next two downs and the great man dropped back to kick. What a kick he got off! Scotch, playing safety, just managed to catch it on the side line, not more than six yards from our goal.

In the huddle Campbell said, "Kick right back over their heads." He eyed me. "This is the one, kid."

It was the one. Here I was back to kick behind my own goal line again, the test I had been waiting for.

"All right!" he shouted. "We know what to do!"

I signaled for the ball.

How Ernie got back "the old confidence," and how, with three ribs cracked, he was enabled to play in the big game, in which Betty's new boy friend and other California men showed themselves good sports about his injury, will appear in next week's installment of Kick-Off. So will Ernie's own story of the memorable and, to Stanford, heartbreaking game with Notre Dame—Warner vs. Rockne—the following season, at the end of which Ernie was elected Stanford captain.

The Vision of

Father Brown

In Which the Famous Detective Proves You Never Can Tell by Appearances

(Reading time: 24 minutes 27 seconds.)

IT would not be fair to record the adventures of Father Brown without admitting that he was once involved in a grave scandal. It happened in a picturesque Mexican road house of rather loose repute, as appeared later; and to some it seemed that for once the priest had allowed a romantic streak in him, and his sympathy for human weakness, to lead him into loose and unorthodox action.

Burning Troy began with Helen; this disgraceful story began with the beauty of Hypatia Potter. Americans have a great power, which Europeans do not always appreciate, of creating institutions from below; that is by popular initiative. A person may become a public institution without becoming an official institution. Among those who had the fortune, or misfortune, to exist beautifully in public in this manner was a certain Hypatia Hard, who had passed through the preliminary stage of receiving florid compliments in society paragraphs of the local press to the position of one who is actually interviewed by real pressmen. On War and Peace and Patriotism and Prohibition and Evolution and the Bible she had made her pronouncements with a charming smile. Beauty and being the daughter of a rich man are things not rare in her country; but to these she added whatever it is that attracts the wandering eye of journalism.

It was accepted (sometimes romantically, sometimes resignedly) by those whom American satire has named the Sob Sisters that she had already married a very worthy and respectable business man of the name of Potter. It was even possible to regard her for a moment as Mrs. Potter, on the universal understanding that her husband was only the husband of Mrs. Potter.

Then came the Great Scandal. Her name was coupled (as the queer phrase goes) with a literary man living in Mexico; in status an American, but in spirit a very Spanish American. He was no less a person than the famous or infamous Rudel Romanes, the poet whose works had been so universally popularized by being vetoed by libraries or prosecuted by the police. Anyhow, her pure and placid star was seen in conjunction with his comet. He was of the sort to be compared to a comet, being hairy and hot; the first in his portraits, the second in his poetry. He was also destructive; the comet's tail was a trail of divorces, which some called his success as a lover and some his prolonged failure as a husband. Interviewers reported doubtful utterances about Love's Larger Law of Supreme Self-Realization. The Pagans applauded. The Sob Sisterhood permitted themselves a note of romantic regret; some having even the hardened audacity to quote from the poem of Maud Muller to the effect that " of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these: 'It might have been!' " And Mr. Agar P. Rock, who hated the Sob Sisterhood with a holy and righteous hatred, said that in this case he thoroughly agreed with Bret Harte's emendation of the poem: " More sad are those we daily see; it is but it hadn't ought to be."

Mr. Rock was a slashing and savage critic of national degeneration on the Minneapolis Meteor, and a bold and honest man; he had perhaps come to specialize too much in the spirit of indignation, but it had had a healthy enough origin. It had begun with a protest against an unholy halo of romance being thrown round the gunman and the gangster. Perhaps he was rather too much inclined to assume, in robust impatience, that all gangsters were Dagos and that all Dagos were gangsters. But his prejudices, even when they were a little provincial, were rather refreshing.

Anyhow, the prejudices did not boil the less in the bosom of Mr. Rock because he was actually in the land of the Dagos when this story opens; striding furiously up a hill beyond the Mexican border to the white hotel, fringed with ornamental palms, in which it was supposed that the Potters were staying. He looked to right and left with eyes bright with universal suspicion. And as he did so, he saw two figures on the ridge above him.

ONE of the figures, poised at the exact angle of the turning road above the valley, was wrapped in a great black cloak in the Byronic manner, and the head that rose above it in swarthy beauty was remarkably like Byron's. This man had the same curling hair and curling nostrils. He grasped in his hand a rather long cane or walking stick which, having a spike of the sort used for mountaineering, carried at the moment a fanciful suggestion of a spear. It was rendered all the more fanciful by something comically contradictory in the figure of the other man, who carried an umbrella. He was a stumpy, stoutish, bearded man, with a pot-shaped hat and everything else about him as correct and commonplace as his umbrella, except for one thing: that—more, even, than the spiked staff—the prosaic umbrella was raised and even brandished at an acute angle of attack. The taller man thrust back at him, but in a hasty, defensive manner; and then the scene rather collapsed into comedy; for the umbrella opened of itself and its owner almost seemed to sink behind it, while the other man had the air of pushing his spear through a great grotesque shield.

But the other man did not push it, or the quarrel, very far; he plucked out the point, turned away impatiently, and strode down the road; while the other, rising and carefully refolding his umbrella, turned in the opposite direction, toward the hotel. Rock had not heard any of the words of the quarrel which must have immediately preceded this brief and rather absurd bodily conflict; but as he went up the road in the track of the short man with

By G. K. CHESTERTON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CARL LINK

the umbrella he revolved many things. And the romantic cloak and rather operatic good looks of the one man, combined with the sturdy self-assertion of the other, fitted in with the whole story which he had come to seek; and he knew that he could have fixed those two strange figures with their names.

His view was in every way confirmed when he entered the pillared porch and heard the voice of the umbrella bearer raised high in altercation or command. He was evidently speaking to the manager or staff of the hotel, and Rock heard enough to know that he was warning them of a wild and dangerous character in the neighborhood.

"If he's really been to the hotel already," the little man was saying, in answer to some murmur, "all I can say is that you'd better not let him in again. Your police ought to be looking after a fellow of that sort; but, anyhow, I won't have the lady pestered with him."

Rock listened in grim silence and growing conviction; then he slid across the vestibule to an alcove where he saw the hotel register, and turning to the last page, saw his convictions finally confirmed. There appeared the name of "Rudel Romanes," and after a space under it, rather close together, the names of Hypatia Potter and Ellis T. Potter in a correct and quite American handwriting.

Agar Rock looked moodily about him, and saw in the surroundings and even the small decorations of the hotel everything that he hated most. And then suddenly the look of all these things seemed to alter, as a still mirror will flicker when a figure has flashed past it for a moment, and he knew the whole room was full of a challenging presence. He turned almost stiffly, and with a sort of resistance, and knew that he was facing the famous Hypatia, of whom he had read and heard all his life.

Hypatia Potter, *née* Hard, was one of those people to whom the word "radiant" really does apply definitely and derivatively. That is, she allowed what the papers called her Personality to go out from her in rays. She had always been taught to believe that self-containment was only selfishness. She would have said that she had lost Self in Service; it would perhaps be truer to say that she had asserted Self in Service; but she was quite in good faith about the Service. Therefore her outstanding starry blue eyes really struck outward, as in the old metaphor that made eyes like Cupid's darts, killing at a distance. Her pale fair hair, though arranged in a saintly halo, had a look of almost electric radiation. And when she understood that the stranger before her was Mr. Agar Rock of the Minneapolis Meteor, her eyes took on themselves the range of long searchlights, sweeping the horizon of the States.

BUT in this the lady was mistaken; as she sometimes was. For Agar Rock was not Agar Rock of the Minneapolis Meteor. He was at that moment merely Agar Rock. There had surged up in him a great and sincere moral impulsion, beyond the coarse courage of the interviewer. A feeling, profoundly mixed of a chivalrous and national sensibility to beauty with an instant itch for moral action of some definite sort, which was also national, nerved him to face a great scene, and to deliver a noble insult. He confronted her with an iron gravity and said:

"If you'll pardon me, madam, I should like to have a word with you in private."

"Well," she said, sweeping the room with her splendid gaze, "I don't know whether you consider this place private."

Rock gazed round the room and could see no sign of life less vegetable than orange trees in tubs, except what looked like a large black mushroom, which he recognized as the hat of some native priest or other, stolidly smoking a black local cigar, and otherwise as stagnant as any vegetable. He looked for a moment at the heavy, expressionless features, noting the rudeness of that peasant type from which priests so often come in Latin and especially Latin-American countries; and lowered his voice a little as he laughed.

"I don't imagine that Mexican padre knows our language," he said. "Catch those lumps of laziness learning any language but their own. Oh, I can't swear he's a Mexican; he might be anything: mongrel Indian or Negro, I suppose. But I'll answer for it he's not an American. Our ministries don't produce that debased type."

"As a matter of fact," said the debased type, removing his black cigar, "I'm English and my name is Brown. But pray let me leave you if you wish to be private."

"If you're English," said Rock warmly, "you ought to have some normal Nordic instinct for protesting against all this nonsense. Well, it's enough to say now that I'm in a position to testify that there's a pretty dangerous fellow hanging round this place, a tall fellow in a cloak, like those old pictures of crazy poets."

"Well, you can't go much by that," said the priest mildly; "a lot of people round here use those cloaks, because the chill strikes very suddenly after sunset."

ROCK darted a dark and doubtful glance at him, as if suspecting some evasion in the interests of all that was symbolized to him by mushroom hats and moonshine. "It wasn't only the cloak," he growled, "though it was partly the way he wore it. The whole look of the fellow was theatrical, down to his damned theatrical good looks. And if you'll forgive me, madam, I strongly advise you to have nothing to do with him if he comes bothering here. Your husband has already told the hotel people to keep him out—"

Hypatia sprang to her feet and, with a very unusual gesture, covered her face, thrusting her fingers into her hair. She seemed to be shaken, possibly with sobs, but

by the time she had recovered they had turned into a sort of wild laughter.

"Oh, you are all too funny," she said, and, in a way very unusual with her, ducked and darted to the door and disappeared.

"Bit hysterical when they laugh like that," said Rock uncomfortably. Then, rather at a loss, and turning to the little priest: "As I say, if you're English, you ought really to be on my side against these Dagos anyhow. Oh, I'm not one of those who talk tosh about Anglo-Saxons; but there is such a thing as history. You can always claim that America got her civilization from England."

"Also, to temper our pride," said Father Brown, "we must always admit that England got her civilization from Dagos."

AGAIN there glowed in the other's mind the exasperated sense that his interlocutor was fencing with him, and he curtly professed a failure to comprehend.

"Well, there was a Dago, or possibly a Wop, called Julius Cæsar," said Father Brown; "he was afterward killed in a stabbing match; you know these Dagos always use knives. And there was another one called Augustine, who brought Christianity to our little island; and, really, I don't think we should have had much civilization without those two."

"Anyhow, that's all ancient history," said the somewhat irritated journalist, "and I'm very much interested in modern history. What I see is that these scoundrels are bringing Paganism to our country, and destroying all the Christianity there is. Also destroying all the common sense there is. All settled habits, all solid social order, all the way in which the farmers who were our fathers and grandfathers did manage to live in the world, melted into a hot mush by sensations and sensualities about Film Stars who are divorced every month or so, and make every silly girl think that marriage is only a way of getting divorced."

"You are quite right," said Father Brown. "Of course I quite agree with you there. But you must make some allowances. Perhaps these Southern people are a little prone to that sort of fault. You must remember that Northern people have other kinds of faults. Perhaps these surroundings do encourage people to give too rich an importance to mere romance."

The whole internal indignation of Agar Rock's life rose up with him at the word.

"I hate Romance," he said, hitting the little table before him. "I've fought the papers I worked for for forty years about the infernal trash. Every blackguard bolting with a barmaid is called a Romantic Elopement or something; and now our own Hypatia Hard, a daughter of decent people, may get dragged into some rotten romantic divorce case that will be trumpeted to the whole world as happily as a Royal Wedding. This mad poet Romanes is hanging round her; and you bet the spotlight will follow him as if he were any rotten little Dago who is called the Ardent Lover on the films. I saw him outside, and he's got the regular spotlight face. Now my sympathies are with decency and common sense. My sympathies are with poor Potter, a plain straightforward broker from Pittsburgh who thinks he has a right to his own home. And he's making a fight for it, too. I heard him hollering at the management, telling them to keep that rascal out; and quite right too. The people here seem a sly and slinky lot; but I rather fancy he's put the fear of God into them already."

"As a matter of fact," said Father Brown, "I rather agree with you about the manager and the men in this hotel; but you mustn't judge all Mexicans by them. Also I fancy the gentleman you speak of has not only hollered, but handed round dollars enough to get the whole staff on his side. I saw them locking doors and whispering most excitedly. By the way, your plain straightforward friend seems to have a lot of money."

"I've no doubt his business does well," said Rock. "He's quite the best type of sound business man. What do you mean?"

"I fancied it might suggest another thought to you," said Father Brown; and, rising with rather heavy civility, he left the room.

ROCK watched the Potters very carefully that evening at dinner, and gained some new impressions, though none that disturbed his deep sense of the wrong that probably threatened the peace of the Potter home. Potter had really rather a thoughtful and distinguished face, though worried and occasionally petulant. Rock got an impression that the man was recovering from an illness. Certainly he spoke once or twice to his wife in a rather sharp and acid manner, fussing about tablets or some detail of digestive science; but his real worry was doubtless concerned with the danger from without. His wife played up to him in the splendid if somewhat condescending manner of a Patient Griselda; but her eyes also roamed continually to the doors and shutters, as if in half-hearted fear of an invasion.

It was in the middle of that night that the extraordinary event occurred. Rock, imagining himself to be the last to go up to bed, was surprised to find Father Brown still tucked obscurely under an orange tree in the hall and placidly reading a book. He returned the other's farewell without further words, and the journalist had already his foot on the lowest step of the stair, when suddenly the outer door sprang on its hinges and shook and rattled under the shock of blows planted from without; and a great voice, louder than the blows, was heard violently demanding admission. Somehow the journalist was certain that the blows had been struck with a pointed stick like an alpenstock. He looked back at the darkened lower floor, and saw the servants of the hotel sliding here and there to see that the doors were locked; and not unlocking them. Then he slowly mounted to his room and sat down furiously to write his report.

He described the siege of the hotel; the evil atmosphere; the shabby luxury of the place; the shifty evasions of the priest; above all, that terrible voice crying without, like a wolf prowling round the house.

"As a matter of fact," said the debased type,
"I'm English and my name is Brown."

Then, as he wrote, he heard a new sound and sat up suddenly. It was a long repeated whistle, like the signal of a conspirator and like the love call of a bird. There followed an utter silence, in which he sat rigid; then he rose abruptly; for he had heard yet another noise. It was a faint swish followed by a sharp rap or rattle; and he was almost certain that somebody was throwing something at a window.

He walked stiffly downstairs. The little priest was still sitting under the orange shrub, lit by a low lamp; and still reading his book.

"You seem to be sitting up late," Rock said harshly.

"Quite a dissipated character," said Father Brown, looking up with a broad smile; "reading Economics of Usury at all wild hours of the night."

"The place is locked up," said Rock.

"Very thoroughly locked up," replied the other. "Your friend with the beard seems to have taken every precaution. By the way, your friend with the beard is a little rattled; I thought he was rather cross at dinner."

"Natural enough," growled the other, "if he thinks savages in this savage place are out to wreck his home life."

"Wouldn't it be better," said Father Brown, "if a man tried to make his home life nice inside while he was protecting it from the things outside?"

"Oh, I know you will work up all the casuistical excuses," said the other. "Look here, you seem to me to be rather a deep dog. I believe you know more about this than you say. What the devil is going on in this infernal place? Why are you sitting up all night to see it through?"

"Well," said Father Brown patiently, "I rather thought my bedroom might be wanted."

"Wanted by whom?"

"As a matter of fact, Mrs. Potter wanted another room," explained Father Brown with limpid clearness. "I thought my room would be the best, because I could open the window. In fact, I think you can go up and see, if you like; for it must be all over by now."

Mr. Rock ran up the stairs as quickly as the somewhat leisurely movement of his companion allowed, and was just in time to rush into the priest's room, full of moonlight, with its open window, and see a sort of rude rope ladder unhooked from the window sill and rolled up by a laughing gentleman on the lawn below. The laughing gentleman was a tall and swarthy gentleman, and was accompanied by a blonde but equally laughing lady. She and her troubadour disappeared into the dark thickets.

Agar Rock turned on his companion a face of final and awful justice, like that of the Day of Judgment.

"Well, all America is going to hear of this," he said. "In plain words, you helped her to bolt with that curly-haired lover."

"Yes," said Father Brown. "I helped her to bolt with that curly-haired lover. I was very glad that he is her lover."

"You call yourself a minister of Jesus Christ," cried Rock in a terrible voice, "and you boast of a crime!"

"I have been mixed up with several crimes," said the priest gently, "but happily for once this is a story without a crime. This is a simple fireside idyl. This is a quiet story of home life that ends in a perfect glow of domesticity."

"And ends with a rope ladder instead of a rope," growled Rock. "Isn't she a married woman?"

"Oh, yes," said Father Brown.

"Well, oughtn't she to be with her husband?" demanded Rock.

"She is with her husband," said Father Brown.

THE other was startled into anger. "You lie," he said. "The poor little man is still snoring in bed."

"You seem to know a lot about his private affairs," said Father Brown plaintively. "The only thing you don't seem ever to have found out about him is his name."

"Nonsense," said Rock. "His name is in the hotel book."

"I know it is," answered the priest, nodding gravely, "in very large letters; the name of Rudel Romanes. Hypatia Potter, who met him here, put her name boldly under his when she meant to elope with him; and her husband put his name under that when he pursued them to this place. He put it very close under hers, by way of protest. Then Romanes (who has pots of money as a popular misanthrope, despising men) bribed the brutes in this hotel to bar and bolt it and keep the lawful husband out. And I, as you truly say, helped him to get in."

When a man is told something that turns things upside down—that the tail wags the dog, that the fish has caught the fisherman, that the *(Continued on page sixteen)*

The umbrella opened and its owner seemed to sink behind it.

Count to 10

before you make up your mind

1-2-3

"*No, sir* . . . I've smoked my first three, and I can't say I'm sold on that menthol-cooling stunt."

4-5-6

"*Well, sir* . . . I don't know what to say now. I'd be willing to swear that the menthol taste is fading away."

7-8-9-10

. . . AND FROM THEN ON!

"*Yes, sir* . . . I like them! After the ninth or tenth Spud, there's an end to the menthol taste. Just honest-to-goodness tobacco flavor from then on. But . . . and this is what sold me! . . . your mouth always remains nice and clean-tasting. *Mouth-happiness!*"

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(Continued from page fourteen)

earth goes round the moon—he takes some little time before he even asks seriously if it is true.

Rock said at last, "You don't mean that little fellow is the romantic Rudel we're always reading about, and that curly-haired fellow is Mr. Potter of Pittsburgh?"

"Yes," said Father Brown. "I knew it the moment I clapped eyes on both of them. But I verified it afterward."

Rock ruminated for a time, and said at last, "I suppose it's barely possible you're right. But how did you come to have such a notion, in the face of the facts?"

Father Brown looked rather abashed.

"Well," he said, "you see—the truth is I'm not Romantic."

"I don't know what the devil you are," said Rock roughly.

"Now, *you* are Romantic," said Father Brown helpfully. "For instance, you see somebody looking poetical, and you assume he is a poet. Do you know what the majority of poets look like? What a wild confusion was created by that coincidence of three good-looking aristocrats at the beginning of the nineteenth century: Byron and Goethe and Shelley! Believe me, in the common way a man may write: 'Beauty has laid her flaming lips on mine,' or whatever that chap wrote, without being himself particularly beautiful. Besides, do you realize how *old* a man generally is by the time his fame has filled the world? Watts painted Swinburne with a halo of hair; but Swinburne was bald before most of his last American or Australian admirers had heard of his hyacinthine locks. So was D'Annunzio. As a fact, Romanes still has rather a fine head, as you will see if you look at it closely; he looks like an intellectual man, and he is. Unfortunately, like a good many other intellectual men, he's a fool. He's let himself go to seed with selfishness and fussing about his digestion. So that the ambitious American lady who thought it would be like soaring to Olympus with the Nine Muses to elope with a poet, found that a day or so of it was about enough for her. So that when her husband came after her, and stormed the place, she was delighted to go back to him."

NEXT WEEK—

New York to Paris in Five Hours in 1938

a prediction by

Auguste Piccard

Pioneer Explorer of the Stratosphere

ALSO

Strange Crimes at Sea

Beginning a great new series of stories from real life

By

Louis B. Davidson

"BUT her husband?" queried Rock. "I am still rather puzzled about her husband."

"Ah, you've been reading too many of your erotic modern novels," said Father Brown, and partly closed his eyes in answer to the protesting glare of the other. "I know a lot of stories start with a wildly beautiful woman wedded to some elderly bald swine in the stock market. But why? In that, as in most things, modern novels are the very reverse of modern. I don't say it never happens; but it hardly ever happens now except by her own fault. Girls nowadays marry whom they like; especially spoilt girls like Hypatia. And whom do they marry? A beautiful wealthy girl like that would have a ring of admirers; and whom would she choose? The chances are a hundred to one that she'd marry very young and choose the handsomest man she met at a dance or a tennis party. Well, ordinary business men are sometimes handsome. A young god appeared (called Potter) and she wouldn't care if he was a broker or a burglar.

"But, given the environment, you will admit it's more likely he would be a broker. Also, it's quite likely that he'd be called Potter. You see, you are so incurably Romantic that your whole case was founded on the assumption that a man looking like a young god couldn't be called Potter. Believe me, names are not so appropriately distributed."

"Well," said the other after a short pause, "and what do you suppose happened after that?"

Father Brown got up rather abruptly from the seat in which he had collapsed; the moonlight threw the shadow of his short figure across the wall and ceiling, giving an odd impression that the balance of the room had been altered.

"Ah," he muttered, "that's the devil of it. That's the real devil. Much worse than the old Indian demons in this jungle. You thought I was only making out a case for the loose ways of these Latin Americans. Well, the queer thing about you"—and he blinked owlishly at the other through his spectacles—"the queerest thing about you is that in a way you're right.

"You say, down with Romance. I say I'd take my chance in fighting the genuine romances—all the more because they are precious few, outside the first fiery days of youth. I say, take away the Intellectual Friendships; take away the Platonic Unions; take away the Higher Laws of Self-fulfillment and the rest, and I'll risk the normal dangers of the job. Take away the love that isn't love but only pride and vainglory and publicity and making a splash, and we'll take our chance of fighting the love that is love, when it has to be fought, as well as the love that is lust and lechery. Priests know young people will have passions, as doctors know they will have measles. But Hypatia Potter is forty if she is a day, and she cares no more for that little poet than if he were her publisher or her publicity man. That's just the point—he *was* her publicity man.

"It's your newspapers that have ruined her; it's living in the limelight; it's wanting to see herself in the headlines, even in a scandal if it were only sufficiently psychic and superior. It's wanting to be George Sand, her name immortally linked with Alfred de Musset. When her real romance of youth was over, it was the sin of middle age that got hold of her; the sin of intellectual ambition. She hasn't got any intellect to speak of; but you don't need any intellect to be an intellectual."

"I should say she was pretty brainy in one sense," observed Rock reflectively.

"Yes, in one sense," said Father Brown. "In only one sense. In a business sense. Not in any sense that has anything to do with these poor lounging Dagos down here. You tell me you hate romance. You say you admire the simple solid Business Man. Do you suppose that Rudel Romanes isn't a Business Man? Can't you see he knew quite as well as she did the advertising advantages of this last grand affair with a famous beauty? He also knew very well that his hold on it was pretty insecure; hence his fussing about and bribing servants to lock doors. But what I mean to say, first and last, is that there'd be a lot less scandal if people didn't idealize sin and pose as sinners. These poor Mexicans may seem sometimes to live like beasts, or rather sin like men; but they don't go in for Ideals. You must at least give them credit for that."

He sat down again as abruptly as he had risen, and laughed apologetically. "Well, Mr. Rock," he said, "that is my complete confession, the whole horrible story of how I helped a romantic elopement. You can do what you like with it."

"In that case," said Rock, rising, "I will go to my room and make a few alterations in my report."

THE END

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(Reading time: 12 minutes 20 seconds.)

THE State Department is that branch of the government which looks after the relations of the hundred and twenty million Americans with the other billion and a half of people and the fifty-seven varieties of foreign governments which make up the world. Its job is to preserve the peace, promote the interests, and represent the government of the United States. It is our national advertising department, our "contact" men, and our first line of defense. It is more important than the army or navy in normal times; and in times like these, with Europe calling for new signals on the war debts, with the Far East popping like a Chinese New Year's, and with Latin America ringing the changes on war and revolution, it is the only agency through which the government can assure itself an undisturbed period during which we can set our house in order and put over the necessary reforms at home.

You would expect that the State Department would be the most thoroughly American and efficient department of government. You would expect Congress to insist that our foreign relations should be handled by our ablest type of men, and that they should be liberally supported by the government. On the contrary, although there are many able, unselfish, and patriotic men in our diplomatic service, you will find that the State Department, on the whole, is manned by second-raters, that a diplomatic career is still regarded as the best thing for a rich man's son, that the department frequently resembles a home for missing Harvard and Yale graduates, that our chiefs of mission often have no training for their jobs, and that the highest State Department officials are generally men who know little or nothing about international politics.

With all praise to the handful of energetic and public-spirited State Department officials who, at great cost to themselves, try to keep the flag rather than the dollar sign flying at our diplomatic masthead, the department itself is weak, dispirited, overstaffed, underpaid; and it is supple and eager before the forces of the big bankers and the big corporations but slow or reluctant to help the average American. The net effect is one of futility, snobbishness, and inefficiency, which is responsible both for the contempt in which the department is held by Congress and for the dangerous mistakes in policy which have been made by our high-flying Secretaries of State when they get hot with a set of brand-new moral principles and a well oiled typewriter.

The time is passing—if it ever existed—when we can afford to be stupid in foreign affairs. Our muddling of the war debts shows that the State Department can play hob with the budget, while the ruin of our navy proves that the State Department can expose us to national defeat in the name of peace. We are now headed squarely for the worst sort of trouble unless we quickly reorganize and Americanize the conduct of our foreign policy.

The first thing which we must do is to get better men into our Foreign Service. Our present system of selection and training is ridiculously inadequate; our men are given insufficient funds; and the highest posts are usually handed out on the basis of political service, often without any reference to experience or ability.

Thus you get the case of Bobby Jenkins, who just squeezed through Harvard in 1912 but whose father owned the majority stock in some big manufacturing concern, easing into diplomacy twenty years ago. He plays a good game of golf, wears his clothes well, and speaks intelligible French. He may not know the difference between a protocol and an *aide mémoire*, and all that he knows of America may be Palm Beach, Newport, Bar Harbor, and Park Avenue, but his check book enables him to foot the bills, and his wife is the niece of a senator. Slowly Bobby worked his way up; at the age of forty-five

Bobby Jenkins, bright star of American diplomacy.

An Insight into the Glaring Weakness of Our First Line of Defense

Luella always wanted to be presented at court, so Cy blossoms out as an American ambassador.

By JAY FRANKLIN

he is appointed a "career minister" and is widely regarded as one of the bright stars of American diplomacy. He is a charming fellow, but no more qualified to represent the United States than he is to invent the photo-electric cell.

Or you can take the Hon. Cyrus K. Lawton, who made a pile of money manufacturing carpet tacks in Indiana. Cy's wife, Luella, always wanted to be presented at court, so Cy puts $100,000 into the winning campaign fund and blossoms out as an American ambassador. He is a good maker of carpet tacks, but he is in no way qualified to discuss disarmament with foreign statesmen who have specialized in foreign policy for years.

Or just consider the case of young Charlie Moulton, who graduated from Princeton in 1923, was a Rhodes scholar at Oxford, and, after specializing in political science, entered the diplomatic service in 1926. He did brilliantly in his examinations, received a few weeks of training in Washington, and was then sent out as Third Secretary to our legation at Panama. He proved to be a born diplomat in dealing with Central American problems, was rapidly promoted, married a nice girl when he came home on leave in 1929—and then found himself unable to continue in the service because the government refused to pay him enough to live as well as the average small-town shopkeeper. He struggled on until 1931, getting more and more deeply into debt, and then resigned to take a contact job with the Isthmian Banking Syndicate. The government lost five years of training and experience, and he lost his career, simply because he was not a rich man's son.

These three cases are not exaggerations. They correspond to commonplace situations in the State Department, because they are the logical results of a completely un-American attitude toward one of the most important jobs the government has to do.

Individuals are "designated" to take the Foreign Service examinations by the President, generally on the recommendation of the Secretary of State. This leads to cliques and class favoritism, by which groups in the Foreign Service can recruit and perpetuate themselves. Sometimes it produces scandals, as when recently a group of Harvard men got control of the Personnel Board and appointed each other to all the vacant ambassadorships. Why should not designation for these examinations be made by the individual senators (much as is done in the case of vacancies at Annapolis and West Point)? Such a system would insure a wider geographic distribution of personnel and a more intimate relation between our diplomatic service and the main currents of our political life. As the Senate fortunately exercises control over our foreign policy, it would be only right for the Senate to take part in the selection of the Foreign Service.

THERE is today no system for training prospective American diplomats comparable to that of West Point and Annapolis for training our defense forces. We would not think of putting a battleship under the command of a man who knew nothing about navigation or gunnery. Why should we staff our embassies and legations with people who simply can dress well, don't eat with their knives, and can pass a none too difficult set of examinations? At present the successful candidates attend lectures for a few weeks in a pitiful Foreign Service School (so called) tucked away in a corner of the State Department. They are then sent on probation to various consular or diplomatic posts, or are given humble duties in the State Department as "training." We should create a real Foreign Service School, like the Ecole des Sciences Politiques in Paris or the Konsularakademie in Vienna, make it open to any senatorial selection who can pass a stiff preliminary examination, and admit no one to the Foreign Service who is not a

A stupid policy weakens and discredits our consuls.

graduate of this school. Until such a system is established, we should enlarge the present Foreign Service School, with at least a year's course of intensive studies, concluding with a second competitive examination as a means of weeding out the unfit. Moreover, at regular intervals members of the service should have to pass other examinations, as in the navy, before they could be considered for promotion.

In the next place, we've got to give our diplomats more money for expenses. Every legation, embassy, and consulate should be put on an expense allowance in order to enable its staff to do the job for which they are hired. We don't expect the captain of a battleship to pay the cost of fuel oil out of his private fortune, and we don't ask the colonel of a cavalry regiment to foot the bills for oats and hay. Yet that's exactly what we ask of our diplomats. It costs our ambassador at London anywhere from $100,000 a year up, over and above his salary, to handle the job. We send men out to represent and advertise the power and dignity of the American nation and then pay them as though they were a second-string outfield.

The present rates of salary are fair enough and need not be increased, but the allowances for rent, entertainment, and cost of living are ridiculously low, especially for the higher grades of the service. Only men with independent incomes can afford to remain long on the diplomatic side of the Foreign Service, and none but men of considerable wealth can afford to become chiefs of mission. Thus our diplomats are in practice either rich men, rich men's sons, or the husbands of rich women, a fact which seriously limits the character of the service and cuts it off from the mass of American life. In Turkey, before the war, our ambassador got $17,500 a year, to pay for everything. The British ambassador was given an embassy residence, servants, and a fund of nearly $200,000. And then people complain that the American Embassy is the last place where an American in trouble can receive assistance!

And senators denounce the inefficiency of our diplomats at the same time that they cut departmental appropriations to ribbons!

THE government should give its representatives in the field allowances big enough to permit a married man without private income to live according to decent American standards and to accept promotion up to and including the highest posts in the diplomatic service. This is essential unless our foreign policy is to become the private property of our millionaires. The British ambassador at Washington is a man who has spent his life in the British diplomatic service. His accumulated skill and experience is such that the British government accepts his advice and sees that he is paid enough to be able to serve his country. They even make it possible for him to save some of his income. It is a generation since we have dared to offer the American ambassadorship at London to any one save a very wealthy business man, lawyer, or banker. This means that we regularly throw away our trained men and lose the value of their experience and ability.

Equally stupid is the policy which weakens and discredits our consuls in small cities where they represent the American government. When the American consul in an important European city is so badly paid that, since the pay cut of last summer, neither he nor his wife can afford to buy meat, it is time to call a halt.

And finally, our diplomatic service is the only career in America where the highest rewards are regularly assigned to men who have not followed the profession of which these higher positions are the essential part. A brakeman can rise to be head of the New York Central, a stock salesman can aspire to the presidency of the National City Bank, an iron puddler can hope to rise to the top of the Steel Corporation; but the average American Foreign Service officer cannot expect any similar reward. President after President hands out, as patronage, the important legations and ambassadorships, and after every administration every American envoy automatically resigns. Some "career men" may be reappointed, but the general effect is as though somebody who had "delivered" the farm vote were put at the head of the battle fleet, or some big campaign contributor were made chief of the General Staff of the army.

Such a system of political appointments in our foreign service is vicious and un-American, and yet ours is the only important country which regards diplomacy as so much "pork" to be handed around to the wealthy or the politically successful. Worse yet, it has built up a situation in which it is manifestly unwise to fill important posts with our somewhat second-rate diplomats, because the knowledge that such posts would not be handed out on the basis of merit or ability has prevented good men from entering or remaining in our Foreign Service.

Moulton struggled on—then resigned.

UNTIL we pick good men, train them well, give them enough money with which to do their jobs, and see that they get a fair chance to work their way to the top, the State Department will remain a pleasant sort of country club for the wealthy and not overintelligent graduates of a few Eastern universities, an institution which is no more competent to handle the foreign end of the American government than it is to organize farm relief.

When we consider that the State Department was so feeble during the World War that Wilson didn't dare make use of it and had to rely on Colonel House; when we remember that its great "achievements" since the war have been limited to fatally successful attacks upon the American navy, until recently we almost withdrew our scouting fleet in the Pacific for fear that the Japanese would wreck a few more American business buildings in Yokohama; when we remember that the State Department decided that Soviet Russia couldn't last, that war had been outlawed, that Central American revolutions were illegal, and that "world public opinion" would stop Japan's invasion of Manchuria—and that today the Soviet government is the strongest in the world, that there are at least three wars going on, that Central America is still unsettled, and that Japan won't budge out of Manchuria—it's time to take a crack at the institution which has got the country into messes abroad.

For it is no use having an able and efficient Foreign Service if the State Department itself continues to be stubborn and shortsighted. And to change the State Department means ridding it of its abuses and attacking its ingrained inefficiencies.

Every President since the war has hoped to do this, and has then forgotten about it under pressure of domestic politics.

Will Roosevelt be able to see how the problem can be attacked and solved? On the answer to this question hangs the whole future of America's foreign relations and the only chance that Roosevelt can win for this country the years of peace which we need to put his domestic reforms into effect. We can't settle the farm problem, deal with unemployment, or make the big readjustments required for prosperity if we are going to be threatened with foreign wars or if we have to deal with foreign revolutions. The State Department is the key to the future of the United States. It must be reorganized!

A second article by Mr. Franklin on international affairs will be published in an early issue.

"IS MY DAUGHTER REALLY WILD . . . *or am I a Prude?*"

STRAIGHT FROM AN ANXIOUS MOTHER'S HEART COMES THIS APPEAL FOR AID

I USED to be so happy with my youngest daughter. But now nothing I do for her seems to be right.

She has no respect for my judgment, and when I tell her nice girls don't do such things she just shrugs her shoulders and doesn't listen. Some of her girl friends smoke, I am sure, and it would about break my heart to find that my little girl did that. I am afraid to ask her because she grows so sullen when I try to find out things. The young people here stay out much too late evenings but when I wait up for Ellen it makes her furious. When I tell her how I worry when she is late, she says, "Oh, Mamma, what is the matter with you? What do you think could happen after twelve o'clock that could not happen before?"

The worst thing of all is the way she speaks to me. She was such a loving little girl and now she is always cross or resentful. Sometimes I think she looks down on her home, and when I think that, I feel like lying right down and dying. Can you tell me what I should do to bring back my sweet baby girl? She is so wilful that I am afraid of her. Please help me if you can.

● ● ●

The above is just one of the hundreds of letters that perplexed men and women send to the Editor of PHYSICAL CULTURE, the great personal problem magazine, every month. Each is an appeal for help from a desperately troubled heart and they are not treated lightly. Because this particular letter so completely expresses a problem that is bringing misery into literally millions of American homes, it was turned over to an authentic and recognized psychologist, a Doctor of Philosophy having vast knowledge and experience in family relationships, with the request that she make reply.

The result is an article entitled, "Why Can't I Get Along With My Daughter?" which will be of inestimable value to every mother and father of growing children. If this woman, whose name has for obvious reasons been withheld, has touched upon a problem that has been perplexing you; if, in Ellen, you can see a counterpart of your own daughter, by all means read the reply to her letter that appears, beginning on page 32 of PHYSICAL CULTURE for November, now on sale.

Handled with a depth of understanding that you cannot help but appreciate, it will point out to you a happy solution to a most unhappy situation. Do not miss it.

WHAT PHYSICAL CULTURE STANDS FOR

"Physical culture in its larger meaning includes all influences that have to do with mental hygiene, emotional health, personal efficiency and happiness. Well adjusted personal and family life is just as important as fresh air, exercise, sunshine and diet.

"For a long time this magazine has given a vast amount of attention to these factors in health and personal well being to the end of teaching a better art of living and helping its readers to find fulfillment of life in a broad sense. It is a magazine of personal relationships devoted to the commonsense handling of everyday human problems. We do not pretend to solve your problems for you. We will only try to help you to analyze and see them more clearly, so that you may more successfully grapple with them yourself.—*Bernarr Macfadden.*

Why You Will Like PHYSICAL CULTURE For November

Editorial, by Bernarr Macfadden
Growing Soft with Hardening Arteries, by Chas. A. Clinton, M.D.
Has Modern Freedom Cheapened Womanhood? by Francesca Pasquin
I Married a Younger Man, Anonymous
Can You "Take It"? by William H. Roberts, Ph.D.
We Turned Depression Into Health, by Estrid Ott
My Fifty Years of Physical Culture, by Bernarr Macfadden
My Quarreling Parents, Anonymous
My Starved Womanhood, Anonymous
Lumbago—How Easily I Cured It, by Austin Drake
"Why Can't I Get Along with My Daughter?" Human and Family Relationships Dept.
The Body Beautiful
"Young Sandow's" Own Story, by Adolph Nordquest
What Kind of Folks Are Nudists?
"They Called Me Broomsticks," by Stacia Florian
Energy First, by Samuel E. Olmstead
Fashions for Tall Thin Women, by Carol Cameron
We Need that New Pure Food Law, by Milo Hastings
What Should the Sedentary Worker Eat? by Sir W. Arbuthnot Lane, M.D.
Is Beer a Food? And other Food Questions

Physical Culture

MIND · BODY · SOUL · BEAUTY · CHARM · PERSONALITY

NOVEMBER ISSUE ON SALE AT ALL NEWSSTANDS 15c

He was NUIS

(Reading time: 23 minutes 56 seconds.)

WHEN Joe Torrence was sixteen he decided that his allowance was a little less than adequate. His father did not agree. "Why, when I was your age—" snorted Homer Torrence. Joe did not argue. But two evenings later Homer Torrence emerged from the building which housed the law offices of Torrence and Hewlett to find Joe selling papers, cheerfully and very noisily, to half a dozen family friends. There was a paternal thunderstorm of some duration; but Joe's allowance was increased.

When Joe was nineteen he decided that a passing grade in Philosophy 1 might be difficult of attainment—even if one studied. And Joe began to ask questions. The philosophy instructor was young and earnest. He believed in answering students' questions; but in a month's time he began to wear a hunted look. Joe remained dense but resigned. "No, I'm afraid I don't quite understand, sir," he would say with a worried frown. "I guess I'm just dumb. . . . Well, of course I'll have to take the subject over again. Maybe next semester you can get some of these things through my head." But Joe was not asked to repeat the course. To every one's astonishment but his own he received a passing grade.

When Joe was twenty-six he decided that it was time for Patricia Hewlett to marry him. He announced his decision to her. "You've fooled around long enough, Pat," he said in a firm voice. "Now you're going to marry me. Soon, too; very soon."

Pat Hewlett had golden hair, dark blue eyes, and a dimple. She had, too, an extremely well defined chin. The blue eyes met Joe's defiantly. "I wouldn't marry you if you were the last man on earth!" she declared.

Joe grinned cheerfully. "You read that line somewhere," he accused. "But why not?"

"You're too sure of yourself. You're positively conceited. Why, you're the most conceited man in town!"

"And you're the most spoiled girl. Won't we make a perfect couple? I wonder," Joe mused, "whether all badly spoiled girls get named Patricia—or whether all girls named Patricia get badly spoiled? And I'm not even faintly conceited. I'm merely aware of my own worth. If you'd like references—"

Pat's small teeth clicked together. "Thank you, I've had them! Dad's on your side, of course. You're the smartest young lawyer in town; you've just been taken into the firm; you'll have plenty of money; our fathers are partners; I've known you all my life. And so on, and so on! Just the

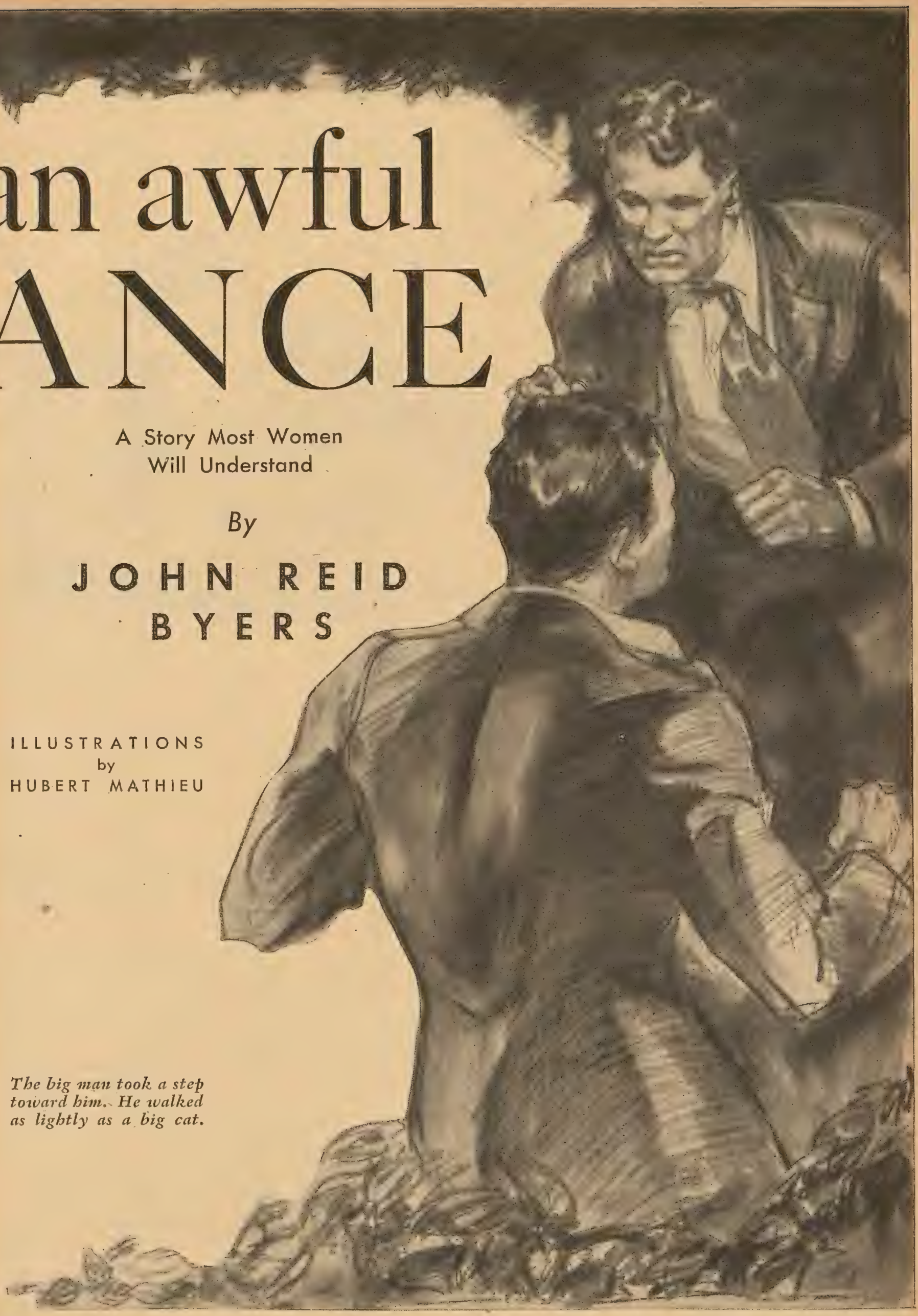
an awful ANCE

A Story Most Women
Will Understand

By

JOHN REID BYERS

ILLUSTRATIONS
by
HUBERT MATHIEU



The big man took a step toward him. He walked as lightly as a big cat.

same, I'll never marry you. Never!"

Joe chuckled happily. "You will, though, darling. Inside of a month you'll be begging me to name the day."

Pat glared at him. "And just how are you going to manage this miracle?"

Joe's grin widened. "I'm going to create what we lawyers sometimes call a nuisance value for myself. You'll marry me," he predicted cryptically, "to get rid of me."

Pat Hewlett slept late the next morning, breakfasted off a tray, and dressed for tennis with Tony Drake. When she had dressed she moved idly to her bedroom window and stared out into the sunlit street. Then she stiffened. For Joe Torrence's roadster stood at the curb in front of the house. Joe sat at the wheel, his eyes on her window. He waved and smiled up at her. Pat went downstairs and out the front door.

"What are you doing here?" she demanded.

"I'm initiating my wooing, darling," Joe explained tenderly. "I haven't any cases to handle for the next couple of weeks. I can give you all my time."

"Well, I can't give you any of mine!" Pat snapped. "And I'm playing tennis with Tony this morning, and I wish you'd go away!"

Pat stalked back into the house, but Joe gave no sign of departure. When Tony Drake arrived he greeted him cheerfully. Tony looked mildly puzzled. Pat came out of the house and got into Tony's car without seeming to see Joe. Joe started his roadster and followed them as they drove away. At the tennis club he seated himself upon the umpire's stand and applauded Pat's shots effusively.

"I hope you don't mind my being here," he told Tony at the end of the first set. "You see, Pat and I are going to be married rather soon, and I feel as if I ought to keep an eye on her."

Tony's jaw sagged. "Why, I hadn't heard—I mean—congratulations!" he gasped. "But—but perhaps I oughtn't—" He looked questioningly toward Pat.

Pat's eyes were blazing. "Tony, don't pay a bit of attention to that—that grinning moron!" she commanded. "I'm not going to marry him or anybody else! This is just his idea of a joke. I don't think it's very funny, either!"

A little before noon Pat came out of the house. "How long do you intend to keep this up?" she asked.

Joe smiled lovingly at her. "She's still a little bashful about having it known," he confided to Tony. Tony's eyes were bewildered. He did not play at all well during the second set; but Pat played even more badly. When Tony and Pat drove back to Pat's home Joe's car maintained its position some fifty feet behind them. Tony did not linger very long in front of the Hewlett house, and Pat went inside without even looking toward Joe. But from an upstairs window she watched him expectantly. At least, she thought, he would have to desert his post for lunch. But Joe produced a package of sandwiches and a bottle of ginger ale and lunched at the wheel.

Pat played golf with Ned Ross that afternoon. Joe walked around with them, talking brightly and explaining the reason for his presence to a startled Ned. At Pat's fierce denials he only smiled and shook his head. Pat did not speak to him all afternoon; but Joe's attitude toward her remained tenderly protective. Ned Ross's handicap was four; but this afternoon his card showed a hundred and seven strokes. Pat tore up her own card on the sixth green.

Joe abandoned his place in front of the Hewlett home during the dinner hour; but he was back in ample time to escort Pat and Bill Jerrold to the country club dance. He cut in on Pat frequently, and his ostentatiously affectionate manner was unimpaired by the woodenness of her dancing and her utter refusal to speak to him. And when Bill persuaded her to go out to his car for a cigarette and a little moonlight, Joe followed them and stood with his foot on the running board, chatting happily. Bill Jerrold usually asked Pat to stop somewhere for a bite to eat after a dance. Tonight he took her straight home.

Mr. Hewlett was leaving the house when Joe drove up the next morning. His smile of greeting was faintly dubious. "She's pretty mad, you know," he said.

"There's a—a sort of a look in her eye. Do you really think it's going to work, Joe?"

For the moment Joe's face was sober. "It's got to, sir!" he declared grimly. "Of course she'll want to murder me for the next couple of weeks. But there isn't any other way to—to cut her out of the herd. If we all lived down behind the gas works, I could go around and warn Ned Ross and Tony Drake and all the rest of them to stay away from my girl or I'd bust 'em in the jaw. As it is, I have to be more subtle."

Dick Randolph took Pat riding that morning. Unequipped with breeches or boots, Joe could follow them no farther than the riding academy stables. But he could, and did, protest violently at the sight of the horse intended for Pat. Pat's counterprotest was equally violent; but Dick Randolph, after a puzzled glance at Joe's face, preserved a discreet silence; and in the end the groom returned the horse to its stall and brought out a quieter one. Pat's face was white with fury as she swung into the saddle. Dick's face was stiff with constraint and doubt. Joe smiled benevolently at them both. "Have a good time, sweetheart," he caroled to Pat. "Take good care of my little girl, Dick."

PAT swam with Doug Gordon that afternoon. Without his bathing suit, Joe was forced to sit on the beach and watch them. But he smiled possessively at Pat's every move; and once he went to the water's edge to call caressingly, "Be careful about the deep water, honey! Remember, you had cucumbers for lunch!" He could see Pat talking very rapidly to Doug Gordon as they sat on the float; but Doug's eyes were still doubtful when they swam ashore.

Jim Townsend took Pat to the theater that night. Joe secured a seat close to theirs and beamed proudly at Pat during the intermissions. And when Jim and Pat adjourned to a night club, Joe followed them to their table, murmured, "I know you won't mind, old man; you understand how it is," and directed the waiter to place another chair. Pat discovered a headache and asked Jim to take her home.

Pat spent the next morning at home. Waiting at the wheel of his car, Joe smiled to himself. He knew from bitter experience that even a morning left unengaged was something out of the ordinary for Pat Hewlett. "The good news," he told himself complacently, "is beginning to get around." He did not think that anybody had quite believed any of his matter-of-fact announcements; but he knew that their very matter-of-factness had been puzzling. And, on the other hand, Pat's denials had been so angrily vehement as to seem a little theatrical. And whatever Pat's dozen-odd admirers might think about the situation, none of them would derive much pleasure from a date at which Joe Torrence could be relied

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

GIRL—*You're very rude, toothbrush—telling me my teeth aren't clean.*

TOOTHBRUSH—It's about time somebody told you. Those teeth of yours have lost you enough dates.

GIRL—*Don't be common.*

TOOTHBRUSH—Don't be childish! You *do* want to know why they aren't clean—don't you?

GIRL—*Go ahead—be disagreeable.*

TOOTHBRUSH—You'll thank me some day. Now answer me this—how would you get pie-juice off a pie-plate?

GIRL—*I'd* scour *it off.*

TOOTHBRUSH—Exactly! And how would you get gravy off a gravy-boat?

GIRL—*I'd* wash *it off.*

TOOTHBRUSH—That's TWO different cleansing actions. But the dental cream you're using has only *one.*

GIRL—*What's that got to do with it?*

TOOTHBRUSH—Good heavens, everything! The things you eat and drink put seven DIFFERENT kinds of stains on those lovely teeth of yours.

GIRL—*Why doesn't my dentifrice get them all off?*

TOOTHBRUSH—Because it has only *one* cleansing action—and all stains won't yield to any one action. It takes *two!* So your teeth get duller and duller. It's gradual discoloration.

GIRL—*Can anything be done about it?*

TOOTHBRUSH—Of course it can. Get Colgate's.

GIRL—*Has Colgate's* two *cleansing actions?*

TOOTHBRUSH—You bet it has. An *emulsive* action that dissolves some stains and washes them away—and a fine *polishing* action that gets rid of the rest of them.

GIRL—*Will I notice any difference if I use Colgate's regularly?*

TOOTHBRUSH—Honestly, I think you'll discover a lustre and beauty you never knew your teeth had

GIRL—*That settles it! I'll buy a tube of Colgate's today.*

The 7 causes of stains that discolor teeth

1. Meats and other proteins
2. Cereals and other starchy foods
3. Vegetables
4. Sweets
5. Fruits
6. Beverages
7. Tobacco smoke

Colgate's removes all seven

upon to make a cheerful and inevitable third. A little before noon Pat came out of the house and walked stiffly toward him. Joe swung the car door invitingly open. "Jump in and we'll go for a ride," he suggested blithely.

Pat ignored the invitation. "How long do you intend to keep this up?" she demanded in a stifled voice.

Joe smiled sweetly. "Until you ask me to name the happy day, darling. And when you do I'm going to say 'Tomorrow!' in loud, clear tones. Of course, after we're married you won't see nearly so much of me. I'll have to get back to work, you see. And I'm not going to insist on your getting up for breakfast, either. You'll just have to put up with me evenings and Sundays. Won't that be an improvement? I told you you'd marry me to get rid of me!"

"I think you're the most perfectly beastly—" Pat began chokingly.

Joe's smile faded for a moment. "You might bear in mind that I love you, Pat," he said softly. "I've been mentioning the fact every time you gave me a chance for about three years now, without getting much of anywhere. So—well, I've changed my tactics."

"—crawling thing in the whole world!" Pat concluded. Her small mouth was a hard straight line. "And some real man ought to beat you within an inch of your life!"

Joe smiled again. "I can think of four or five who'd probably like to, honey," he said genially. "But in addition to playing football with the big boys, I was intercollegiate middleweight champion for three years in succession. The fact is tolerably well known around town. And so—" But Pat had spun about fiercely and was heading for the front door at a stumbling walk that was almost a run. Joe's smile vanished again; his eyes were almost wistful as they followed her. He watched to see whether she would slam the screen door. She didn't. Joe would have felt a little better if she had.

Harry Rossman took Pat for a long drive in his brand-new roadster that afternoon. He tried to lose Joe, and he very nearly succeeded. Joe's car was fast, but Harry's was a good ten miles faster. But a fortuitously lowered gate at a railroad crossing gave Joe the chance to pull up alongside. His lips were tight as he leaned over to speak to Harry Rossman. "Harry, you can break your neck three times a day if you want to, and I won't even bother to send flowers," he snapped. "But Pat's neck belongs to me. I'm going to be right behind you all the way, and if you get over forty again—well, you'll wish you hadn't!"

Pat was staring straight before her with chin held high. "I adore going fast, Harry," she said. "I'll bet this car can do ninety, and I want you to do it. I'll be angry if you don't!"

The train had passed and the crossing gate was beginning to rise. Harry looked worriedly from Joe's set face to Pat's—and back to Joe's again. "Remember!" Joe warned. "Keep that imported hippopotamus under forty—or else!"

The remainder of a somewhat curtailed drive was made at a sedate thirty-five miles an hour; and Pat did not bother to say good-by to Harry Rossman when she got out in front of the Hewlett house.

JERRY HENDRICKS took Pat to a dance at a hotel that night—a dance to which Joe had not been invited. Joe had not crashed a party since his college days, but he had not forgotten the technique. He did not risk asking Pat for a dance; but he was sure that she would not make a scene on the floor, and he cut in on her with enthusiastic frequency. She went wooden in his arms and refused to speak to him; but Joe talked for two as he smiled tenderly down at her. Many of the other guests, Joe saw with pleasure, were watching them, puzzled amusement in their eyes. Several of them came up to Joe as he watched Pat dance with somebody else, and proffered slightly doubtful congratulations. Joe accepted them with proud complacency. Pat had Jerry Hendricks take her home early.

On the fourth day of the siege Pat did not leave the house. Joe sat in his car all morning, and had his usual lunch of sandwiches and ginger ale. But the car was hot and cramped; so he spent the afternoon pacing back and forth in front of the Hewlett home. Regularly, once every half hour, he marched up the Hewlett steps, rang the doorbell, and asked a grinning housemaid if Miss Patricia was at home. At the housemaid's negative he said solemnly, "Tell her that Mr. Torrence called—and will call again," and marched back to resume his sentry-go. The housemaid developed a decided tendency toward hysteria before the afternoon was over. Pat did not go out that evening either. Joe maintained his lonely vigil until the light in her room winked out at midnight.

"SHE'S been refusing invitations, you know," Mr. Hewlett told Joe the next morning. "Not as many as she usually does, but two or three anyway. She says she won't go places just to have you make her ridiculous. I hope this isn't going to last an awful lot longer, Joe. The home atmosphere is getting a bit strained."

Joe nodded, thoughtfully and not altogether happily. "She'll hold out quite a while yet, I'm afraid. She's a spunky youngster, you know. And she's been having a grand time for the last few years, with a dozen men standing in line to jump through hoops for her. She doesn't want to give it up yet. If I waited around and took my turn with the rest until the competition began to thin out, she'd marry me in the end. I've always been sure of that. I've never let her make a doormat out of me, you see. She resents it, of course; but she respects me for it, too. And she tells me I'm conceited, and I tell her she's spoiled; but neither of us really means it. But waiting around would mean two or three years very likely. I don't like to see all that time go to waste! After all, Pat's twenty-three now."

"And I'd like to have a couple of grandchildren while I'm still young enough to enjoy them," Mr. Hewlett said wistfully. "Just the same, I hope this doesn't last much longer!"

"It's going to work," Joe repeated, as much to himself as to Mr. Hewlett. "And it's going to be a darned successful marriage. If I know my Pat—and I think I do!—she'll even like the thought that I blackjacked her into it this way—once she hauls down the flag."

The siege continued in due form; a little monotonously as the days dragged on. Pat made two attempts at temporary escape. Dick Randolph called, rather warily, to take her riding. But Joe was not caught napping a second time. A suitcase in the roadster's luggage compartment held his breeches and boots now. At the riding academy door he smiled fixedly at Dick Randolph and suggested, "Of course you don't mind waiting while I change," without the rising inflection.

Dick Randolph swallowed something with an audible gulp, but he managed a somewhat pained return smile. "Oh, no! No indeed!" he murmured politely.

Pat decided that the sun was hurting her eyes and asked a little wearily to be taken home again.

That suitcase contained—among other things which Joe had sagely decided might come in handy—a bathing suit, a beach robe, and a towel. Pat and Doug Gordon found that out the next afternoon. It also contained a tiny alcohol stove with which—to the huge delight of the neighborhood—Joe sometimes made tea for himself and half a dozen admiring children on the Hewlett parking strip.

"She spends most of her time moping in her room," Mr. Hewlett told Joe one morning late in the second week. "Her mother's worried about her."

"I hope Mrs. Hewlett isn't—" Joe began apprehensively.

"Oh, no; she's still on your side; she just can't help worrying a little. She wants to see Pat married and settled down as much as I do. And she says your psychology is good too—that Pat'll like having been—well, you might say kidnaped—if she once gives in. Any girl would, she says." Mr. Hewlett's lips twitched. "After all, it'll be a highly original courtship for her to look back upon."

"She ought to get out more, though," Joe said concernedly. "You might tell her that if she'd like to go somewhere and do things, young Lochinvar and his fiery

steed are ready and waiting. If she'd surrender enough to speak to me again, it would be just about all over."

Joe's voice was not very hopeful; and the next morning Mr. Hewlett shook his head. "The flag's still flying," he announced. "She said that young Lochinvar could go to the devil and take his fiery steed with him. She said a lot more, but I won't bother to repeat it. It wasn't at all complimentary. And she's talking about going out to the coast to spend the rest of the summer at her Aunt Kate's. That would upset your apple cart pretty badly, wouldn't it?"

"It would—if she went. But suppose you tell her that I said she was running away because she was afraid she'd give in and marry me if she didn't. I know my Pat—that'll stop her."

"Well, you know your Pat," Mr. Hewlett admitted twenty-four hours later. "She's staying right here. And she sent you a message. Suppressing some of the adjectives, she says that you'd better be thinking about trading your roadster for a coupé with a heater, because you're going to find it a little cold sitting out here next December. And that look in her eyes, Joe. If I were you I wouldn't let her get very close to me with any blunt instrument!"

MR. HEWLETT'S face was puzzled two mornings later. "She has some new bee in her bonnet," he declared. "She's looking excited about something; and she spent all yesterday afternoon locked up in the library making phone calls. That's the direct line, you know; and the door's pretty solid. Her mother couldn't get any idea whom she was talking to." He hesitated for a moment. "Look here, Joe—she doesn't seem to be weakening any. Don't you think that maybe—"

Joe shook his head doggedly. "I can't quit now, sir. Maybe it was a mistake ever to start. But as long as I did, I've got to play the hand out."

But Joe spent most of a long dull day staring morosely at the ash tray on the dash and deciding that he had very possibly been the ultimate thing in fools. And yet—suppose he were to admit defeat and lift the siege? Would Pat ever forgive him? She would, he thought, in time and after a fashion; the victor can afford to forgive. But it would be a mocking, triumphant sort of forgiveness. He scowled blackly at the oil gauge. "I'll stick it out, if it takes six months!" he muttered savagely.

There was a moon that night. It was, Joe thought mournfully, the largest and brightest moon he had seen all summer, and it was being wholly wasted. There was a light in Pat's bedroom. Joe leaned back against the seat and watched it gloomily. A little after nine Mr. Hewlett came out of the house and walked across the lawn.

"She's dressing to go out, Joe," he said softly. "And she was phoning again today. I don't want to inter-

WHO shall decide which is the best of the better beers? Is the answer to be found in public preference? Perhaps. Is it to be found in the opinions of experts? Perhaps. But when both the public and the experts agree, the answer is clear and unquestioned. That's why we say without fear of contradiction, Pabst Blue Ribbon is the best of the better beers.

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PABST
BLUE RIBBON
Best of the Better Beers

fere, the way things are; but she might be planning some-thing crazy. Don't lose sight of her, Joe!"

It was several minutes after Pat's father had returned to the house that it occurred to Joe that Pat might be coming out to see him. And that might mean— It was only the barest of possibilities; but after the strain of the last few days it was enough to start Joe's heart pounding.

Pat's little coupé took Joe by surprise. It had bumped out of the garage, lurched down the drive, and was a hundred yards away before he had his own car started. But Joe reduced the hundred yards to fifty in a minute's time, and held that distance. Pat was driving fast; taking corners with defiant recklessness. Joe frowned uncertainly at the coupé's tail light. "She knows darned well she can't run away from me in that machine," he muttered. "What's she up to?"

Pat drove toward the business district and through it, into the section given over to the city's smaller hotels and clubs. Joe followed, half a block behind. Suddenly the little coupé swerved in to the curb at a dimly lighted corner. A man stood there with a folded newspaper held awkwardly in one hand. The coupé's door swung open; the waiting man tossed his newspaper into the gutter and stepped into the car almost as it leaped away again.

Joe had not been close enough to recognize Pat's passenger. He could only see that he was tall, and that he wore tweeds and a gray hat. He remembered suddenly that Ronnie Dykeman had been addicted to tweeds, and had preferred a light felt to a straw hat for summer wear. But Ronnie and Pat had quarreled violently just before Ronnie's employers had transferred him to another city. That had been six months ago; and Ronnie had not been back in town. But now— Joe remembered those phone calls of Pat's and groaned softly. Ronnie Dykeman had been the rival for whom he had had the most genuine respect; Ronnie's departure had been a source of considerable relief to him. If he had driven Pat into Ronnie's arms—

Still moving at a jerkily reckless speed, the coupé wound its way back through the business district and turned its nose out the highway that led from town. Joe maintained his position half a block behind it. His frown had deepened into a scowl of grim, hopeless concentration. This could be an elopement. It probably was. And if Pat had really made up her mind, what could he do to stop it? He groaned again, dully and forlornly.

THEY were racing past the country club gates now. Beyond them the golf course paralleled the highway for nearly half a mile. And at the end of that half mile Pat's car stopped abruptly. Joe braked the roadster to a standstill fifty feet behind it. Pat and her tall companion were getting out of the coupé. Their backs were toward Joe. They climbed over the low fence and began to walk across the course. And with a gasp of mingled relief and bewilderment Joe realized that the man in the tweed suit wasn't Ronnie Dykeman. He was as tall as Ronnie but much more heavily built. Joe was wholly sure that he had never seen him before.

Joe stared puzzledly after them for another ten seconds. Then he got out of the roadster, hurdled the fence, and trotted after them. At the edge of the green he caught up with them.

"Out for a stroll in the moonlight, darling?" he asked in a voice that he tried very hard to make gayly casual. "But won't you introduce me to your friend?"

The jumbled letters at the bottom of the picture form a real word when put together in the proper order. A clue to the word will be found in the conversation of the people in the picture. The unjumbled word will be found on page 60.

Pat and her companion turned to face him. And Joe gave a second involuntary gasp. The tweed-clad man wasn't merely big—he was huge. And it needed no more than a glance at his battered good-natured face and his thickened left ear to indicate his profession. He was chewing gum rhythmically, and he addressed Joe out of the corner of his mouth.

"When I'm wit' a lady, I don't need nobody to play gooseberry!" he said tersely. "So scram, kid—while you can!"

Joe looked toward Pat. Pat's face wore a strained, triumphant smile. Her eyes were vengefully bright. Joe looked back toward the heavy-shouldered giant with the battered face. He must weigh well over two hundred pounds. Joe weighed a hundred and sixty-five. And only in dreams did a good little man beat a good big man. Joe's jaws clamped together. "If anybody scrams, it's going to be you!" he said between his teeth.

The big man moved a step toward him. He walked as lightly as a big cat, and he was grinning pleasantly. "Yeah?" he inquired, and his open left hand moved out in a scornful cuffing blow.

JOE jerked his head aside and leaped in past the extended arm. For a moment he was inside the big man's guard, smashing with both hands at his burly torso. Once he heard the big man grunt. Then two huge palms jammed against his chest and flung him away. Instantly he rushed again. Only by keeping inside the reach of those long arms would he have even a fighting chance. But this time the big man's extended left caught him smartly on the nose, rocking him off balance. He danced back a step and launched another rush. The left landed solidly on his mouth; a right crashed against his body just below the heart; another left thudded on his jaw. Shaking his head dizzily, he side-stepped to the right and rushed again. Somehow he got past that huge left fist; his own left landed solidly on the big man's cheek bone. Then a thunderbolt exploded under his chin.

He was lying face downward on the grass, he realized dimly; and he must get up. His legs were like somebody else's legs; there was no strength in his arms. Somehow he drew those legs under him, propped himself off the ground on those unwilling arms. With another grim effort he was on his feet. The solid ground seemed to rock beneath them; his knees were rubber, his arms lead. The big man slid toward him on the balls of his feet as if he were moving to music.

His left hand was half extended; his big right fist was held low and ready.

"Not any more!" Pat's voice was queerly muffled.

The big man stepped back and dropped his hands. "Anything you say, miss," he said genially. "You're payin' for the job." His face was mildly surprised.

"And please go now," Pat said in the same distorted voice.

"O. K., miss." The big man looked pleasantly at Joe. "You got a nice right hand, kid," he observed. "But you leave yourself wide open for an uppercut." Then he had turned around and was walking unconcernedly away.

Joe discovered that his nose was bleeding.

Pat's head was averted. "I'm sorry, Joe," she said dully. "I shouldn't have done it. But I was angry."

"I didn't know you hated me that much, Pat." Joe's voice was level and dead. "I didn't really think you hated me at all—down at the bottom. I'm sorry. And I won't bother you any more." His legs were still a little

unsteady, but they carried him to the highway and his car. Pat did not look around when he started.

In his room at the Athletic Club Joe lay in bed until nearly noon the next morning. Eventually he rose, took a cold shower, and dressed listlessly. For several minutes he studied his face in the dresser mirror. His nose was red and slightly swollen; his lips were puffy and sore; his jaw ached dully; so did his ribs.

He crossed the room and dropped wearily into the big chair by the window. It was several minutes before his eyes fell to the street three stories below. Then for another minute he sat rigid, staring unbelievingly downward. For Pat Hewlett's little coupé was parked just across the street. Pat sat in it. And Pat was looking up at him. Somehow Joe got downstairs and across the street. He stood beside the little coupé and looked at Pat. Pat looked back at him.

Joe moistened his swollen lips with the tip of his tongue before he tried to speak. Even then his voice was husky and uneven. "What are you doing here?" he asked.

Pat tried to smile. She did not quite succeed. Tiny muscles in her throat were quivering spasmodically. "I missed you this morning," she whispered. "And I thought if—if you'd stopped, I'd start in being a—a nuisance value. Until you asked me—Joe, you didn't think I'd ever let you get away?"

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—Which English sovereign was first called His Majesty?
2—What is absolute zero?
3—Who discovered radium?
4—Who invented the first compound microscope?
5—Who discovered the circulation of the blood?
6—What is chlorophyll?
7—What was the battle cry of the Americans during the War with Mexico?
8—What state has the longest coast line?
9—What is the real name of Ed Wynn, the actor?
10—What do the letters I.Q. stand for in educational science?
11—Who invented dynamite?
12—Who was Washington Augustus Roebling?
13—Who were the Camerata?
14—Who wrote Annabel Lee?
15—In baseball, what is the distance from the home plate to the pitcher's box?
16—Which United States President once killed a man in a duel?
17—When and by whom was the boycott first used?
18—How long is the Grand Cañon of the Colorado River?
19—When was the liner Titanic wrecked?
20—What are the three largest cities in the United States?

(Answers will be found on page 49)

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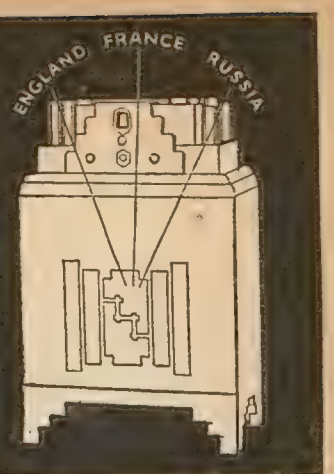
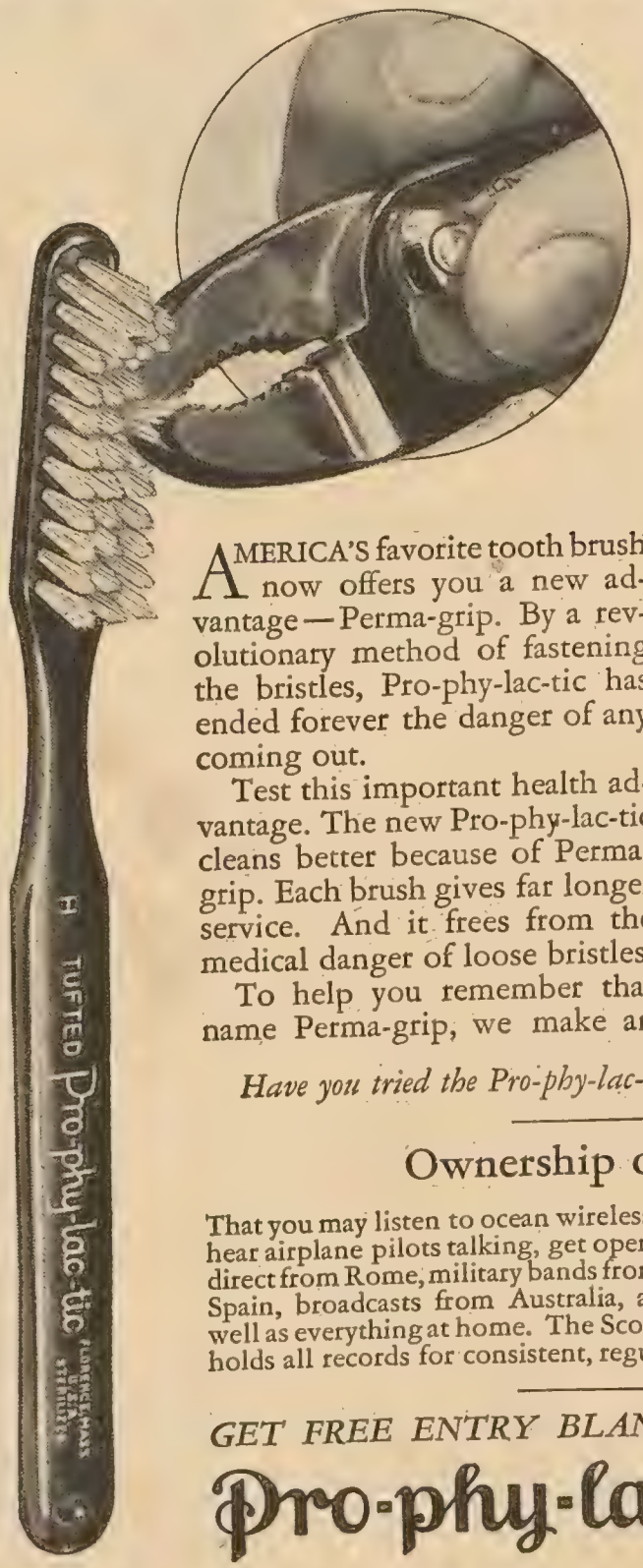


Stop danger of loose bristles!

Use this new Pro-phy-lac-tic Perma-grip



Now bristles can't come out! Just write a "jingle" about Perma-grip—get entry blank at your druggist's

AMERICA'S favorite tooth brush now offers you a new advantage—Perma-grip. By a revolutionary method of fastening the bristles, Pro-phy-lac-tic has ended forever the danger of any coming out.

Test this important health advantage. The new Pro-phy-lac-tic cleans better because of Perma-grip. Each brush gives far longer service. And it frees from the medical danger of loose bristles.

To help you remember that name Perma-grip, we make an unusual offer: Write a simple "jingle" of 20 words or less containing the word Perma-grip. For the most effective "jingles" received, we will give away to consumers and trade every weekday, Sept. 20th to Dec. 15th, a genuine $335 Scott All-wave Radio.

Stop at the nearest drug counter for a free entry blank which tells you everything you need to know about this contest. Then send us your "jingles" just as early as you can.—Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Co., Florence, Mass.

• • •

There are three distinct sizes of the Tufted Pro-phy-lac-tic Perma-grip: *Adult*, 50¢. *Youth's*, 35¢. *Child's*, 25¢. All sterilized, sealed in Cellophane, and must satisfy completely or your money back.

Have you tried the Pro-phy-lac-tic Perma-grip *Hair Brush? $1 up*

Ownership of a Scott means

That you may listen to ocean wireless, hear airplane pilots talking, get opera direct from Rome, military bands from Spain, broadcasts from Australia, as well as everything at home. The Scott holds all records for consistent, regular reception of foreign stations. Each set is a custom-built laboratory model. Superheterodyne—12 tubes. World-wide range 15 to 550 meters,—all short and long wave stations. Receiver (except tubes) guaranteed for 5 years.

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Pro-phy-lac-tic PERMA-GRIP (U. S. PAT. 1472165)

SUPERMAN

A scene from I Loved a Woman—with Edward G. Robinson and Kay Francis in leading roles.

(Reading time: 6 minutes 45 seconds.)

THE Machine Age ran to superlatives. It produced supermen both in crime and business. We are now well along on a cycle of semibiographical films built upon The Power and the Glory theme. The Match King showed the rise and fall of Ivar Kreuger. Sweepings was a thinly disguised portrait of Marshall Field (?). In The Man Who Dared we followed Anton Cermak from the mines to his assassination when Mayor of Chicago. Scarface gave us a living picture of Al Capone. And now in I Loved a Woman we get a composite portrait of a great pork-packing king and Samuel Insull. It is interesting to note that Chicago produced all but one of these supermen.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★★★ I LOVED A WOMAN

THE PLAYERS: Edward G. Robinson, Kay Francis, Genevieve Tobin, J. Farrell MacDonald, Henry Kolker, George Blackwood, Murray Kinnell, Robert McWade, Walter Walker, Henry O'Neill, Lorena Layson, Sam Godfrey, E. J. Ratcliffe, Paul Porcasi, William V. Mong. Directed by Alfred E. Green.

Edward G. Robinson, the poetic son of a great Chicago pork packer, suddenly inherits his father's business. The filth of Packingtown so shocks his artistic sensibilities that with the aid of Genevieve Tobin, daughter of a rival packer, he starts to clean up not only the town but the ethics of the packing business. He marries Genevieve, who turns out to be a social dawdler. At the same time his altruistic methods nearly put his business on the rocks.

Comes Kay Francis, an opera singer, hell-bent on power and glory. She so stirs the young packer to the same purpose that he renounces his fine ethics and, joining his rivals, engages upon a ruthless program of exploiting his country during the Spanish-American War. Threatened by Colonel Roosevelt, the packers succeed in politically burying their Nemesis in the vice presidency. But McKinley is assassinated and Roosevelt picks our hero, who has become the pork-packing king, for slaughter. The king, however, survives the trial.

During the World War the king, drunk with power, is crushed by the magnitude of his operations, which have now extended to public utilities. His wife deserts him, and when a grand jury brings in a criminal indictment he flees the country.

★★★ TORCH SINGER

THE PLAYERS: Claudette Colbert, Ricardo Cortez, David Manners, Lyda Roberti, Charles Grapewin, Virginia Hammond, Ethel Griffies, Florence Roberts, Barton MacLane, Helen Jerome Eddy, Albert Conti, William B. Davidson, Shirley Ann Christenson, Baby LeRoy, Cora Sue Collins. Directed by Alexander Hall and George Somnes.

Here's a surprise—Claudette Colbert as a torch singer, and a surprisingly good one.

Claudette, a chorus girl, loved David Manners, who was suddenly sent off to China. A baby. Poverty. Signing away her infant, Claudette becomes a torch singer in cabarets. As she rises in her art she becomes cynical

Ricardo Cortez and Claudette Colbert. She does extremely well as lead in Torch Singer.

and careless in her habits. Heard by Ricardo Cortez, she signs up on a big radio contract. One day in a spirit of devilment she pinch-hits for "Aunt Jenny," telling bedtime stories and singing songs to kids. An instant hit, she is urged to continue. Among the fan letters comes one from a little girl signed "Sally." That's the name of her baby! What if she can reach her over the radio! She announces a "Sally" broadcast; "Aunt Jenny" will send dolls to all Sallys. Hundreds respond, but a detective agency fails to locate *her* Sally. She then asks for the birthdays of all Sallys; surely only one or two would have September 2. That's the way she locates her baby. In the meantime David returns from China, and failing to achieve a reconciliation *he* secures Sally from the orphan asylum. So when Claudette calls at the number given her over the phone, who should be there to greet her but *both* Sally and Sally's father! You may guess the rest.

A charming story by Grace Perkins, which ran in Liberty under the title of Mike, beautifully acted and directed.

★★ BEAUTY FOR SALE

THE PLAYERS: Madge Evans, Alice Brady, Otto Kruger, Una Merkel, May Robson, Phillips Holmes, Eddie Nugent, Hedda Hopper, Florine McKinney, Isobel Jewell, Louise Carter, John Roche, Charles Grapewin. Directed by Richard Boleslavsky.

"Boys, let's build this one around a beauty parlor. There is still a lot of swell muck and good comedy in beauty parlors.

and SONG

Edward G. Robinson's Latest Talkie; Claudette Colbert as a Torch Singer; a Beauty-Parlor Picture, and a Chinese Drama Among the New Films

By

ROB WAGNER

"We'll have the girl operators learn the low-down on husbands and then go gold-digging among 'em.

"We can get good drama by having one of the gals suicide when she learns the worst. Balance this with comedy—a happily immoral young thing who chisels her sugar for everything but the Brooklyn Bridge.

"For heart interest one of the gals really falls in love with a rich family man, but seeing the wreckage of this married-man stuff, she decides to return to her poor but honest sweetheart whom we've planted in an earlier sequence. Then we'll pull a new twist. We'll unload the wife so's the rich hubby can offer her true love. True, it's pretty messy stuff, but it carries a heavy moral: Beauty parlors are cesspools of sin and scandal, and simply poison to young working girls.

"If it still looks like too much heavy drammer, we can lighten it up with a good old Mack Sennett comedy chase finish.

"How about it?"

Maybe that isn't how the story was written, but it looks that way.

The cast is very much better than the material or the direction.

Madge Evans, Una Merkel, and Florine McKinney, the three beauties in Beauty for Sale

★ SHANGHAI MADNESS

THE PLAYERS: Spencer Tracy, Fay Wray, Ralph Morgan, Eugene Pallette, Herbert Mundin, Reginald Mason, Arthur Hoyt, Albert Conti, Maude Eburne, William von Brincken. Directed by John Blystone.

This is story 4-11-44, under the Plot File "Here come the marines!"

Lieutenant Spencer Tracy nobly disregards orders and fires upon Chinese Communists who insult Old Glory and kill two of his sailors. For this he is ignobly canned from the U. S. Navy. While wandering the streets of Shanghai he rescues Fay Wray from a street brawl. Fay is stricken with love at first sight, but stern papa will have none of a fellow who has been degraded by Uncle Sam. Spencer attends a dying Communist lad—Harvard graduate—and in gratitude the boy's rich Chinese war-lord father gets Spencer a job as gunner on a gun-running river steamer commanded by jolly Gene Pallette. (Incidentally all the Chinese now either understand or speak perfect English!)

Fay dons pants (probably left in Shanghai by Marlene Dietrich), runs away from home, and hides aboard Spencer's ship. Off to the wars, and is Spencer's face red when Fay turns up? He puts her off at an American mission up the river. War and swell sound effects. But what's the shooting all about? And why do the Chinks shoot up the American mission? American flag upside down—distress! Spencer opens fire on the Chinese. Scram, and "Goody, here come the marines!" Rescue. Spencer clinches with Fay and orders the war to stop. Old Glory now floats right side up—hurray! Then, before you can say Jack Robinson, Spencer is standing on a battleship and being restored to the U. S. Navy.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—The Power and the Glory, Berkeley Square, F. P. 1, Lady for a Day, Bed of Roses, Dinner at Eight, Noah's Ark, The Warrior's Husband, Thunder Over Mexico, Nothing Ever Happens.

★★★—I Loved a Woman, Torch Singer, Bureau of Missing Persons, Turn Back the Clock, One Man's Journey, Paddy, the Next Best Thing, Morning Glory, The Man Who Dared, Another Language, Double Harness, The Stranger's Return, Pilgrimage, Good-bye Again, I Loved You Wednesday, Voltaire, Peg o' My Heart, Gold Diggers of 1933, The Silver Cord, Looking Forward, I Cover the Waterfront, Never Give a Sucker a Break, The Barbarian, Reunion in Vienna, Zoo in Budapest, The Little Giant, A Bedtime Story, The Devil's Brother, Working Man, Hell Below, Picture Snatcher, Baby Face, The Masquerader.

The marines again! Spencer Tracy, Fay Wray, and Eugene Pallette in Shanghai Madness.

Hunting Big Sho

Intimate Revelations of a Veteran News Photographer with Some Interesting Side Lights on Persons in the Public Eye

(Reading time: 22 min. 45 sec.)

THE next time your favorite celebrity beams on you from the front page of a newspaper, don't take it too seriously. For, as a New York newspaper photographer who has spent many hectic years coaxing smiles from the famous, I'm in a position to say that all photographs are not what they appear to be.

There's a story behind every picture—a story about which the public knows nothing. More often than not the prominent personage, male or female, who smiles into the news lens is actually going in for teeth-gnashing and under-breath swearing in a big way.

If, then, by any chance you are laboring under the impression that all celebrities like to be photographed, don't read any further; you'll be disillusioned. Of the hosts of celebrities, both domestic and foreign, whose activities I have been assigned to cover, Colonel Charles Augustus Lindbergh caused me to lose the most sleep. Lindbergh is beyond a doubt one of the most unwilling subjects with whom a cameraman has ever been obliged to deal. The flying Colonel is the exact antithesis of that other universally famous young man, the Prince of Wales, who realizes that, after all, the knights of the lens must make a living.

I first met Lindbergh when he arrived at Curtiss Field from St. Louis, an obscure young pilot who was about to enter the trans-Atlantic air derby. In those days he was as affable a young fellow as you would care to meet, and was entirely willing to pose for any number of pictures. But when he came back from Paris the only chance we photographers had was to catch him in a public or official group—or unawares. I managed to do the latter.

Through a bit of strategy I succeeded in getting a seat in a twelve-passenger Fokker that Lindbergh took up at Roosevelt Field shortly after his return from France. I had concealed my camera, and when the ship was high in the air I snapped a good picture of the famous pilot—the first picture ever taken of him actually at the controls of an airplane in flight. He didn't know he had been photographed until he saw the picture in the newspapers.

The most difficult part of the Lindbergh assignment as a whole, however, bobbed up when it was learned that the tousled-haired young Colonel was engaged to marry Anne Morrow. Naturally there was a mad scramble to get pictures of the two, together if possible, and a horde of sharp-eyed photographers descended on the Morrow estate in Englewood, New Jersey. All the newspaper morgues had stock photos of the couple, but what we were after just then were newsy informal shots that could be run over the words "Taken yesterday afternoon." However, a ban was immediately placed on the camera boys and other newspapermen, so the only chance we had of getting the pictures was to trail either Lindbergh or Miss Morrow when they drove from the estate.

But Lindbergh had thought of that too. Whenever he entered or left the Morrow estate it was by car, and he drove so rapidly that it was impossible to get a good picture of him.

Several of us trailed his car one day, but he outsmarted us there too. He drove along at a mercurial pace, and then, upon reaching the bottom of a steep hill, slowed down until we were almost abreast of him, which led us to believe that he was going to stop and perhaps strike a few poses and get it over with. But, as our car pulled up almost to a standstill, Lindbergh took us unawares by stepping on the gas as hard as he could and shooting up the hill and out of sight almost before we could get started again.

After that, while I didn't exactly give Lindbergh up, I decided that I'd stand a better chance of success if I concentrated on Miss Morrow. I had repeatedly sent

Persuading "Legs" Diamond to pose for a picture. His lawyer (right) isn't sold on the idea by any means.

Gene Tunney disguised with smoked glasses. After this flashlight was taken, he grabbed for the camera.

Miss Polly Lauder, now Mrs. Gene Tunney, posing with Mr. McEvilly. She had ceased to be camera-shy.

...ts with a Camera

By MARTIN J. McEVILLY

her requests for pictures, but refusals had come back to me pronto. Apparently she was just as camera-shy as her famous fiancé.

Having stalled around the Morrow estate for several days, I had noticed that Miss Morrow frequently drove from the estate in a high-powered automobile. It didn't do any good to pursue her.

I figured the thing out, and finally hit upon a plan that I thought would enable me to trail Lindbergh's fiancée to a point where I could catch her off guard. Accordingly I parked my own car on the outskirts of Englewood, on a road that led to New York, and waited around for a couple of days for some sight of one of the Morrow cars.

It was a tedious job, sitting there hour after hour, straining my eyes at every car that passed. But my patience was rewarded on the afternoon of the second day, when along came a liveried machine bearing Anne Morrow and a girl companion!

Miss Anne Morrow (right) on Fifth Avenue while engaged to Lindy. She didn't dodge the camera this time.

Al Smith poses with Mr. McEvilly. He won't stand for hokum, but he is always genial about a news picture.

The Prince of Wales at a Glen Cove garden party. He knew he was being snapped, though it was forbidden.

I FOLLOWED the car to the Fort Lee Ferry, then across to New York. In the metropolis I switched to a taxi, thereby managing to keep up the pursuit without arousing suspicion. At length Miss Morrow alighted on Fifth Avenue with the friend who accompanied her, dismissed the car, and started out on what looked to me like a shopping tour. Alighting from my taxi, I began to trail the two girls. My guess had been right. They were on a shopping tour, mostly window shopping. As it was apparent that they were going to continue down the avenue in leisurely fashion, I crossed the street, hurried to a point about a quarter of a block ahead of them, then recrossed to their side of the street and waited for them. When they came along I took them by surprise and snapped a picture.

Miss Morrow was startled. I took off my hat and apologized, explaining that my livelihood obliged me to startle people once in a while. She smiled understandingly.

I then asked her if, as long as I had found her, she wouldn't pose for another and better picture.

"I would like to oblige you," she said, "but there is a distinct understanding between Colonel Lindbergh and myself that there shall be no pictures and no interviews."

POLITELY I continued to argue my cause, and at length, with a perceptible trace of mischief in her eyes, Miss Morrow said:

"Well, I just cannot see my way clear to pose for a picture. However, I am in no great hurry, and I intend to walk on down the avenue—"

And so, when Miss Morrow resumed her stroll, I obtained a second and much better picture, thanks to her coöperation.

The third big episode in Lindbergh's perturbed existence with photographers came after his marriage to Miss Morrow.

As you probably recall, following the ceremony the couple vanished as completely as if they had been whisked off to another planet, much to the disgust of the reporters and photographers who had been assigned to cover the honeymoon.

At length, however, they were reported in a small motor yacht off the coast of Maine. I hired a seaplane and after combing the Maine coast I located the craft near Port Clyde. My pilot took me to a spot as near as he could get to the honeymoon craft, and, thinking of my job, I shouted a somewhat frantic request for pictures. But Lindbergh wouldn't even come on deck. I went to Port Clyde and hired a motor boat and again went out and shouted for photos, photos, photos! Nothing doing. The next day the yacht had disappeared.

I located the craft more than a hundred miles down the

coast a couple of days later. I boarded a lobster boat and again approached the honeymoon yacht. This time Lindbergh was on the deck and I got a picture of him. Once more I massaged his ears with an urgent request that he and his bride pose together. Not only did he refuse to answer me: he went on with his tinkering as if I were only another gust of wind.

Not long afterward the much sought after picture of the couple was obtained. But not through any strategy on the part of a cameraman. On the occasion in question Lindbergh and his wife willingly posed for a battalion of newspaper and movie-lens lads at Mitchel Field, Long Island, where the Guggenheim Foundation for the Advancement of Aviation, with which the Colonel was affiliated, was staging some sort of a stunt.

Two other internationally famous sweethearts who provided plenty of action for us cameramen were that eminent authority on fisticuffs and Shakespeare, Gene Tunney, and the lady who is now his wife—Polly Lauder. That assignment, as far as I was concerned, ended more successfully than did the Lindbergh-Morrow job, but not without adventures of the sort that one would rather look back upon than experience.

The Tunney-Lauder assignment somewhat resembled the Lindbergh-Morrow job, inasmuch as the groom to be evinced a pronounced distaste for newspapermen.

Young Lindy, about to fly to Paris, poses with Commander Dick Byrd and, at the right, Clarence Chamberlin. Lindy became camera-shy afterward.

IMMEDIATELY after the announcement of the engagement, I hied myself to John's Island, off the coast of Maine, where Tunney was a guest at the summer home of the Lauders.

Arriving on the island, I was greeted at the landing stage by Polly's brother, George Lauder, who was very courteous indeed. I told him I would like to speak with Mr. Gene Tunney.

"If you'll wait here just a minute," said Lauder, "I'll go up to the house and get him."

A few minutes later Tunney came down to the landing stage with his future brother-in-law, and the first thing he set eyes on was my camera.

He turned abruptly on his heel and started back for the house. Then he changed his Tunneyesque mind and retraced his steps.

Plainly perturbed, he said to me:

"Why is it you newspapermen must chase me like this? I have made it clear that I do not want to be annoyed. There is nothing—ab-so-lute-ly nothing—I can say to you about Miss Lauder or myself."

There was a tone in the man's voice that clearly meant that he wasn't fooling. Then, too, this was the ex-heavyweight boxing champion of the world who was speaking to me with fire in his eyes. There was therefore only one thing for me to say and do. And I lost no time in doing it.

"Very well, Mr. Tunney," I said. "I'll go. I'm sorry to have troubled you."

"No trouble at all!" he barked as he turned and stalked off dramatically.

I returned, discouraged but determined, to the nearest mainland point—South Bristol—and decided on a different tack.

Circulating about the town, I made friends with a number of villagers, and through them I eventually learned that Tunney was to leave for New York by train the following Sunday night from a near-by station—Damariscotta.

Lindy on the deck of his honeymoon yacht, where the camera caught him unawares.

HALF an hour before train time I was at the station. Train time drew nearer, but no sign of Tunney. Finally a car drew up and I kept my eye on it.

At length, just as the train was puffing into the station, a man with smoked glasses got out of the car. At once I recognized his broad shoulders and athletic build as those of the ex-champ. The speed lamp on my camera was adjusted, and as Tunney started for the train I ran in front of him. The flashlight boomed and the camera shutter clicked.

Tunney stopped in his tracks, glowered at me, and then started toward me with outstretched hand.

"You'll try that, will you! Give me that camera! I'm going to smash that plate!"

Of course, having noticed immediately that Mr. Tunney didn't take kindly to the idea of being photographed, I did not remain inactive. I had heard stories about his ability at running in the ring. So I got a head start on him, took it on the lam, and got behind a baggage truck, holding the camera behind me. Tunney pursued and made an attempt to grab me. Although I was expecting a haymaker at any moment, I managed to say:

"Mr. Tunney, take your hands off me. You're not on John's Island now."

Strangely enough, that stopped him. He stood there for a moment glaring at me, then turned and ran to his train, which by this time was ready to pull out.

The picture of Tunney in the trick disguise turned out to be a howl. It was printed all over the country.

I returned to South Bristol and kept my ear to the ground until I got a tip that Miss Lauder was going to leave Maine for New York to see her fiancé before he left for Europe. I made a reservation on the same train and boarded it several stops above Newcastle, the station where the Lauders usually boarded New York trains, and kept an eagle eye on every one who got on. But for several stations, including Newcastle, no one answering the description of Miss Lauder appeared.

Finally, at Wiscasset, as the porters were taking the

landing steps up from the platform, two women came running toward the train from a point beyond the last car. I was standing on the platform three cars from the rear. Something told me that one of the women was Tunney's fiancée, so I jumped to the platform and made a dash for the last car, figuring that they would get on there. I reached the car just as the women approached, and sure enough one of them was Miss Lauder. I snapped the picture as she put her foot on the first step. She looked over her shoulder at me and smilingly said:

"Well, you win! But I certainly didn't expect a reception like this."

I got back on the train, and kept an eye on Miss Lauder's stateroom, figuring that Tunney would meet her wherever she got off.

Bright and early the next morning she alighted at New Haven with her companion, who I later learned was her mother. I left the train too, but Miss Lauder was reluctant to pose for any more pictures. She pulled her coat collar up around her face and she and her mother made a dash for a waiting limousine, I following. The two women entered the car, and as the door was being closed I saw, kneeling on his hands and knees in the tonneau, none other than Tunney!

But the car was on its way before I could get my camera into action.

AFTER Tunney left for Europe, and Miss Lauder went back to John's Island, I began a long campaign to persuade her to pose for informal pictures. After an exchange of letters and a personal plea, she consented to pose. So I went to the Lauder home on the island and made a series of shots showing Miss Lauder diving, paddling a canoe, talking with her brother George, and driving a motor boat. Her brother then turned cameraman and made a picture of Miss Lauder and me. In short, a fine time was had by all.

The following day I submitted proofs of the pictures and Miss Lauder okayed thirty-six of them. It was from these that my paper made the first picture layout of Tunney's bride-to-be at home.

My next contact with Tunney came when he and his bride were returning from their extensive honeymoon in Europe. I met them on the Vulcania as it came up from quarantine. Tunney remembered me and extended his hand.

"Glad to see you again," he said. "Remember the last time we met?"

I assured him that I would never forget it.

"I guess I lost my head that night," he said. "But, my goodness gracious, that picture of me wearing the smoked glasses was horrible. Oh, horrible! Why, I looked like a criminal! But let's forget the whole thing."

One celebrity who stands ace high with photographers is the Prince of Wales. He doesn't mind being snapped at all. There's one drawback, however, and that is that the Prince

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Doesn't this historic news photograph bring back memories of the 1920s? It shows Jane Gibson, the "Pig Woman," testifying in court from her sick bed at the tense climax of the Hall-Mills murder trial.

is constantly surrounded by a small army of guards and flunkies who take it upon themselves to make it tough for us lens lads.

I got a good insight into his democratic make-up when he was on his last visit to this country. He was playing polo at a field out Long Island way, and owing to an advance tip I was the only cameraman present. After the game I managed to get several shots of his Royal Highness washing up at an old galvanized tub. Then he and his bodyguard, Inspector Burt of Scotland Yard, walked a little distance into a near-by stretch of woods and out of sight. I was waiting for them to come out again, hoping to get a good picture of the Prince. When they reappeared I focused my camera, but Inspector Burt made a lunge for me.

"Don't you *dare* take that picture!" he growled.

The Prince quickly intervened.

"It's all right, Burt," he said. "Let the chap take it. Those boys have to earn a living, you know."

NOT long after that I had another meeting with the Prince. He was attending a lawn party on an estate near Glen Cove, Long Island. Photographers were barred, but I managed to get into the grounds through a circuitous route. After a little maneuvering I made my way to the house. The guests were dancing in a small ballroom, and I managed to sneak in and make myself inconspicuous in a small alcove. Just then the music stopped and the Prince started to walk toward the spot where I was standing.

I felt rather nervous, thinking that he had recognized me. My nervousness increased tenfold when presently I found him directly in front of me. But an instant later I knew that everything was all right when he reached over my shoulder to a window ledge where he had left a lighted cigar. Retrieving the butt, he turned to me and said:

"I really must have this, you know. It's really quite essential."

A little later on, when every one went out on the lawn, I got some good informal pictures of the Prince chatting with the other guests, by partly concealing my camera under my coat.

ONLY one of the guests saw the camera—the Prince himself. But, like a good sport, he said nary word. Instead he watched my whole performance with a merry twinkle in his eye.

I hope he comes to the United States soon again—and who can blame me?

The robust and jovial Al Smith is another favorite of all the cameramen. Many a time have I photographed that famous brown derby. Smith not only poses willingly for the photographers, but often goes so far as to take a hand in the work, particularly when he is posing in a family group.

There are certain things, however, for which he will not hold still on any account. One of them is hokum. I recall one occasion when, while Governor of New York, he was inspecting the foundation for the new State Office Building at Albany. A horde of cameramen were on the scene and Smith asked:

"Well, boys, what do you want me to do?"

"How about laying some bricks, governor?" one movie photographer suggested.

"Nothin' doin'," retorted Al. "No baloney pictures around here. People know I'm not a bricklayer. What's the use of tryin' to kid 'em?"

Motion-picture stars present a variety of temperaments with which we lens lads have to match wits. Most of the male stars are either regular fellows who don't mind posing, or vain Thespians who are tickled to death to beam into the cameras.

But the women—well, there are all kinds.

I remember one day when Gloria Swanson and her then husband, Marquis Henri de la Falaise de la Coudraye, arrived in New York on the first leg of a European jaunt. I met their train at Grand Central Terminal. Seeking them out, I asked if they would mind striking a pose or two. I had no sooner got the words out than I realized that Miss Swanson was not exactly in what you would call a receptive mood.

Something obviously had gone wrong somewhere.

"Just one picture," she snapped, "if you make it quickly!"

I ventured the suggestion that they hold a couple of small bags, to get travel atmosphere into the picture. La Swanson sniffed the air and declared in a most outraged manner:

"Why, how perfectly *ridiculous!* We *never* carry our own baggage!"

So I took the kind of a picture that she wanted. Her titled husband had absolutely no hand in the proceedings.

I NEXT saw Miss Swanson aboard ship upon her return from Europe. When she spotted me, she singled me out and called me aside.

"You know," she said, "I'm afraid I wasn't very nice to you that day in Grand Central, and I hope you will accept my apologies. I was just having an off day. I guess I got out on the wrong side of the bed that morning.

"You know," she continued seriously, "some mornings I feel wonderful. Wonderful! Other mornings I feel terribly morbid—so much so that I could bite my own wrist. Well, that was one of those mornings."

Another young lady of the films who runs hot and cold is Clara Bow. I remember the time she landed in New York supposedly for the purpose of wedding Harry Richman, one of Broadway's better ballad boys. Richman met the so-called It girl at the station, and Miss Bow posed for plenty of pictures.

But when she was returning to Hollywood, after rumors of a bust-up, you wouldn't have known it was the same girl.

"Pictures?" countered Clara when the pose-please specialists approached her. "Well, I should say *not!* I want privacy—and plenty of it."

While on the subject of movie stars let me tell you of a rather amusing experience I had one Easter morning a few years ago. While covering the fashion parade on Fifth Avenue, I stationed myself near St. Patrick's Cathedral, where many celebrities were attending the Easter services. At length I saw a petite dark-eyed girl coming from the cathedral. She saw my camera, hesitated for a moment

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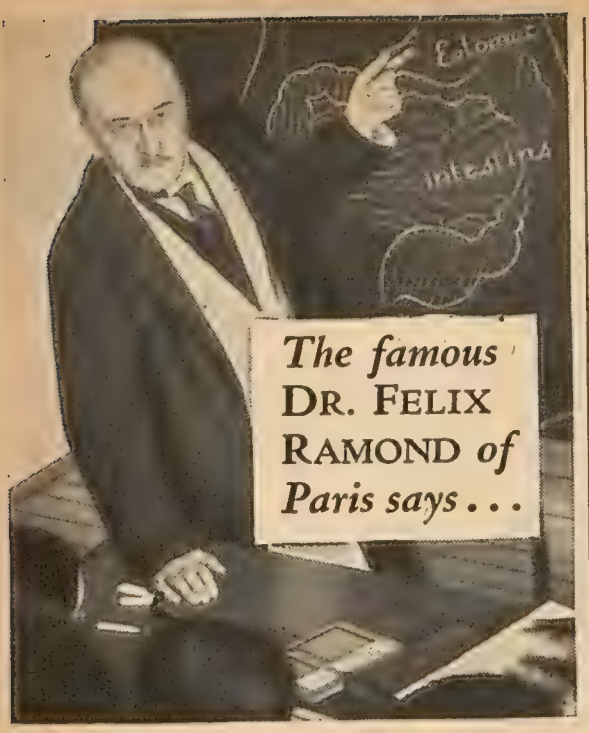

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This noted expert on stomach and intestines describes a very typical case:—

"Mrs.——, 35 years old. Suffered from indigestion and obstinate constipation. Had no appetite, no energy. I prescribed yeast*. In a month her system was normal. Her constipation and other symptoms all left."

"I FELT WORN OUT," writes Miss Frances Payne, of Seattle. "I had indigestion and no appetite . . . A friend insisted on my trying Fleischmann's Yeast. It cleared up my sluggishness. I regained my strength. Soon I had no more indigestion."

DR. RAMOND was physician to the martyred French president, Paul Doumer . . . and to *Georges Clemenceau!* He holds the post of Medecin-Chef de l'Hôpital Saint-Antoine, in Paris.

"Fresh yeast," says Dr. Ramond, "is the best way of correcting constipation. It increases the vitality of the intestines . . . helps regulate their action . . . By cleansing the system of poisons it renews the appetite *and releases new sources of energy.*"

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Just eat 3 cakes daily. Directions are on the label. You can get it at grocers, restaurants, and soda fountains. Add it to your diet now!

***IMPORTANT!**

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as if expecting me to ask for her picture, then walked on. I thought perhaps she was just another pretty girl who wanted to get her face in the papers.

But when I saw her get into a waiting Rolls-Royce, that put a different complexion on things. Here, I thought, was *somebody.* So I rushed up to the chauffeur of the car and asked him who she was.

"Miss de Putti, sir," he said frozenly. "Miss Lya de Putti of the motion pictures."

I then asked Miss de Putti to pose, apologizing for not having recognized her.

"I thought it was rather odd," she said good-naturedly, "that you didn't take my picture when I came out of the cathedral. I was afraid perhaps I was beginning to look old!"

Her fear, if she was serious about it, was groundless. She was looking as youthful and charming as she could have wished.

You will probably be amused to know that the late "Legs" Diamond, New York's perforated gangster, was exceedingly vain when it came to being shot with a camera.

When Legs was accosted by cameramen at one of his semiannual trials, he usually consented to pose only if he was assured that it would be what he naïvely referred to as "a good-looking picture."

So far as I was concerned, Legs was a rather pleasant fellow with whom to deal. But he was also extremely superstitious.

I remember one time when the Big Shot-At consented to my going to his hotel room to take some special poses of him. When I entered the room he clasped my hand warmly, saying:

"Take off your hat and coat and make yourself comfortable."

I removed my hat and tossed it on the bed. Diamond was immediately catapulted to the brink of hysteria.

"For God's sake!" he cried. "Don't *ever* put a hat on my bed!" He grabbed the offending fedora and put it on a table. "I'm very superstitious about that."

GANGLAND'S human sieve didn't explain further, but it is interesting to recall that he was put on the well known spot while lying in bed in an Albany rooming house.

Captains of industry are the hardest nuts that news photographers have to crack. Until his recent experience in Washington, when he was amazingly good-natured about news pictures—even with a midget thrust upon his knee—J. Pierpont Morgan was always most hostile to the bulb-and-flashlight boys. For a long time he even went so far as to insist that no photographer be allowed on the boat when he was sailing for Europe. I was present on one occasion when he threw two photographers out of the stateroom of Miss Elizabeth Morrow, Colonel Lindbergh's sister-in-law, who was traveling under his escort. And this in face of the fact that Miss Morrow had graciously consented to pose!

Vincent Astor, too, for a long time was, to put it mildly, reluctant to look into a news camera. One day, however, he astonished us all by letting us shoot away at him at will as he stood beaming on the landing of the Hudson River Yacht Club.

But there was a method in his madness.

His luxurious new yacht, in which he took extreme pride, had just arrived in New York—and Mr. Astor was not at all averse to having the craft photographed!

Herbert Hoover has always stamped a disapproving foot on promiscuous picture taking. Immediately upon entering the White House he put a ban on close-ups of himself. But you can't fool the cameramen, even if you're the President. They got all the close-ups of Hoover during his Presidency that they wanted, simply by using long-range lenses with which intimate shots can be obtained at a distance of twelve feet.

FOREIGN celebrities who arrive in New York are cinch assignments for cameramen. We always know where they're going to be at a given time, inasmuch as their itineraries are usually mapped out in advance. Then, too, famous personages visiting these shores are usually in the best of humor and especially anxious not to do anything that will offend any one, even a cameraman. When the handsome Italian Foreign Minister, Dino Grandi, was arriving, he let it be known that he would pose for the photographers as long as they wished him to, and that it would be no trouble at all. In consequence, that assignment was one of the pleasantest that we have ever covered.

More recently, General Balbo, the radiantly genial commander of Italy's transatlantic air squadron, has afforded us plenty of golden opportunities. Any one could get a perfect picture of his smile—and his beard!

Despite the fact that the activities of foreign celebrities are more or less routine, the snapshot brigade must keep on the job every minute lest something out of the ordinary happen.

One illuminating instance a few years ago in which all did not go off as scheduled was Mayor Jimmy Walker's reception at City Hall for the transatlantic flyers Von Huenefeld, Koehl, and Fitzmaurice, and the wives of the latter two. Jimmy had just finished pinning medals on the flyers, and most of the photographers were changing their plates, when without warning Mrs. Koehl suddenly leaned over and kissed the dapper mayor on the cheek. What a swell picture *that* was—but only two cameramen got it.

And so it goes in the life of a knight of the lens. We never know what's going to happen next. Our only hope is that we'll be there when it happens.

THE END

HAPPY DAYS

(Reading time: 5 minutes 10 seconds.)

CRITICISMS, "HOT AND COLD"—A WHITE HOUSE RECIPE FOR "LEFT-OVERS"—WINTER PLANS FOR SOCIAL, OFFICIAL WASHINGTON

By ANNA ROOSEVELT DALL

MOST of you probably know the horrible feeling which comes with a high fever in illness—at one moment you seem like an iceberg and the next like the proverbial grease spot! And you can easily persuade yourself that your temperature varies from one moment to the next at least fifty degrees! Mentally I've been feeling exactly like this for the last couple of hours. True confession! I've been reading letters sent to me by Liberty readers. Fifty-below-zero letter: "I have nothing against Mrs. Dall personally. She's probably all right. But I do object to her getting by with a page of pure drivel, and cashing in on it." Now—rising temperature, cloudless skies: "You don't know how I enjoy reading your articles every week in Liberty. They seem so friendly, you hate for them to end. . . . I am your age, and you give our young women inspiration. In our Open Forum this year we are compiling your articles and will discuss them."

Come again the chills: "Pen in hand (as the story goes)—but it could never succeed in being as trite, outmoded, and plagiaristic as the attempts of Mrs. Dall to focus the attention of your reading public on her 'shining light' which up to now has been hidden under the proverbial bushel. . . . I think you had better apologize and return Mrs. Dall to the White House." Patient almost fully recovered: "I hope your articles will continue for a long time. I like your style of writing, and what you tell is so wholesome and practical."

Now, I ask you, what is the patient to do with a thermometer which has the jumps? Seriously, it's obvious that I want to talk about subjects which are of the greatest interest to the majority of readers. Of course, the only way I shall ever know is through your letters. So all criticism, "hot or cold," and every single suggestion will find a welcome if addressed to me personally, in care of Liberty, or to the venerable Vox Pop!

YES, in the White House there's the eternal housewives' problem of using left-overs all dressed up in new camouflaged ways. Mrs. Henrietta Nesbitt suggests the following way of using and adding to left-over chicken which by itself wouldn't make the family rounds for another meal.

CHICKEN-AND-SWEETBREAD CROQUETTES

1½ cups cold boiled chicken
1 cup boiled sweetbreads
2 teaspoons chopped parsley
1 cup milk
1 tablespoon chopped celery
2 tablespoons flour
½ teaspoon onion juice
2 tablespoons butter
Sifted bread crumbs
Salt and pepper
Sprigs of parsley

Melt the butter in a saucepan and add to it the flour; pour the milk in, stirring all the time; add celery, parsley, onion juice, and salt and pepper, and allow to get very thick, still stirring. Add chopped chicken from which all fibers have been removed, and the chopped sweetbreads. Take off the fire, and as soon as the mixture is cool enough put it in the ice box to get very cold. Form into small cylinders; roll in sifted bread crumbs and fry in very hot deep lard. Drain on warm brown paper and serve on hot platter garnished with sprigs of parsley. To this cream base any seasoning and left-over bits of meat can be added.

I'VE had many letters from the West correcting the interpretation given me by a newspaper man of the meaning of the word "Tillicum" used on the metal disks on which are imprinted my father's picture. Here's one of the letters, from Mr. Ralph Badgerow of Los Angeles:

DEAR MADAM:

Where, oh where, did the newspaper man get his translation of the word "Tillicum"?

The word "Tillicum" is taken from the language of the Chinook Indians, an intertribe of the Siwash Indians of the Puget Sound country, and means my pal, my best friend, friend, or partner. I lived for many years in that country and found the word used extensively by both the Indians and the whites.

Do you not think this true interpretation much better, especially as it is being used in the instance your refer to in connection with your illustrious father, our President?

I stand corrected! And I really get a great kick out of my new knowledge that the gentlemen of the fourth estate can be wrong—"even as you and I"!

AS a child in Washington, when my father was Assistant Secretary of the Navy, my idea of official life was a strange mixture of a brilliant round of social functions.

I sometimes used to dream at night of the colorful uniforms of romantic foreign diplomats mixed with the more staid formal white ties, with here and there a diabolical mustachio or a mysterious Vandyke. And, of course, I invariably pictured myself years hence, supporting a diamond tiara and swirling a swishing train with a dainty kick of my high-heeled jeweled slipper!

Then, strange to say, my first glimpse of the "years hence" Washington official society life came last spring, and proved of interest from an entirely different angle. Of course I did see the colorful uniforms, but I found I was interested in the people themselves—and the histories of the countries which they represented. Instead of the imagined whirl of gayety, there was a serious conversation on every subject pertaining to the living problems of the various nations of the world.

I have been lucky enough to overhear a forecast of the coming winter's official social season in Washington. The gist of it was that there would be practically no formal social program in Washington this winter. Government officials are too busy with the vital problems and undertakings of the "New Deal."

I have heard that the various Cabinet members will eliminate the formal dinners usually given by each to the President. The Cabinet wives, I am sure, will continue their afternoons at home each week. This seems a good idea, as these simple gatherings give the wives of senators and congressmen and their visiting friends an opportunity to meet each other and to form friendships. It does seem in keeping with the spirit of the times to eliminate the formal, expensive type of entertaining.

VOX POP

Wants the Profit Out of Liquor Traffic After Prohibition Ends

WESTERVILLE, OHIO—In your splendid editorial of September 2 in Liberty, entitled Prohibition's Swan Song, you say, "There is only one way to beat the liquor traffic—and that is education. It cannot stand the brilliant light of truthful analysis. Its harmful influence is known to practically every intelligent individual, but constant reminders are necessary."

I heartily agree with you as far as you go on the importance of education in beating the liquor traffic, but when you say, "There is only one way—and that is education," I am convinced that you err. In fact, education alone cannot beat the liquor traffic, for in spite of the most intensive and constant reminders of the harmful effects, human weakness being what it is, in spite of what it knows, as long as any great incentive is left for preying on that human weakness for profit, men will always, legally or illegally, sell all the alcoholic liquor they can entice weak human nature to consume.

In order to remove that incentive (which I believe must be done) I would add to your plea for education one more essential to any adequate program of solution of the liquor problem, now that prohibition is about to be banished as unsound. Let the government take over the absolute monopoly of both manufacture and sale of all alcoholic liquors and put it at once on a bare cost-plus basis, eliminating all tax and all profit and reducing the price to the consuming public to the lowest level consistent with the actual expense of manufacturing and dispensing; this on the basis that the government has the right whenever public policy demands to eliminate private profit; at the same time inaugurating at once in every school and classroom the educational campaign you suggest.

The present high-tax policy can only result in such high prices that bootlegging and racketeering and the gangster booze business will flourish more than ever. Take the incentive out of the manufacture and sale and consumption.—*Fred G. Bale.*

The Spirit of Good Clean Play in Mr. Williams's Story Is Commended

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.—I am the mother of three growing boys, and until a short time ago did not allow Liberty in our home.

Now I am perfectly satisfied to have my sons read it. The tone of the magazine is still not just what I like, but the sports stories get better all the time.

I have just read the golfing story, The Champ from Over the Tracks, by Mr. Dick Williams, and cannot praise it too much. The way the young man came up from nothing and the way in which American ideals are portrayed are fine for boys.

I have bought two extra copies which I am sending to my nephews. I think they should read about the rise of this boy, and I know that the good American sport of clean play will appeal to them.

More stories by this fine writer with a real sense of what appeals to 100-per-cent Americans and less stories by foreigners, say we all.—*Mrs. G. A. Weaver.*

POULTNEY, VT.—I want to commend the splendid story of a great fellow and a great golfer, Johnny Goodman, appearing in Liberty of September 16.

However, I detected a flaw after studying the photographs of Johnny's swing, although it is not his mistake. According to the author, Goodman is demonstrating a perfect mid-iron shot. If the club in his hand is a mid-iron, I'll eat it. I have yet to see a mid-iron with a wooden head. Otherwise the stroke is perfect and so is Johnny Goodman.—*W. R. S.*

There Are Still Lots Left in Spite of the Awful Holocaust

JEFFERSON CITY, TENN.—I have been keeping pace with Liberty for several years and find it most entertaining. But I have a kick to make; yes, I have a kick to make. I rarely read through one of your fictional minutes and seconds that fails to harbor at least one or more deaths; most of them violent. A person would need an adding machine to record all the deaths in Still Alive alone. What is your weekly trying to do? Depopulate the world? Cheerio! Maybe that would cure the Depression!

Nevertheless, considering it all, I like Liberty and shall continue to indulge in its pages. But you need not hold that against me. The most outstanding stimulus in Liberty is its sense of humor. I especially like your short short stories. They always come first with me, and then Vox Pop. I seldom miss a copy, only when they are sold out. They go like sand before a blizzard wind at our local news stand.

Now as Liberty isn't a Sunday School publication, maybe a Crooke could possibly be fittingly wedged in somewhere among the Vox Pop enthusiasts without creating any undue disturbance.—*Fred F. Crooke.*

Hi, Roy Chanslor!

NEW YORK, N. Y.—A short sweet tribute to Liberty and Roy Chanslor, for a story that had what it takes—"Hi, Nellie?" in the September 16 issue. It was, in my opinion, the best thing Liberty has published in a long time. —*June Sullivan.*

We're Glad You Liked It. So Did We

ST. LOUIS, MO.—I think you could improve your magazine very much by having more stories by Ben Hecht. I think Smile, Damn You, Smile (September 16) one of the finest stories ever published in Liberty. I sincerely congratulate you.

I heartily agree with Faith Scheibes of White Plains, N. Y. Vox Pop is being killed by the minute space given it. Such fine contributors as Vox Pop on the same page with a poor cartoon with no point!—*Lester Epstein.*

It Is Salutary that the Old Vox Sometimes Descends Into a Growl

SAN ANGELO, TEX.—Why must so many people complain? Most of them are chronic kickers.

Please give us another Viña Delmar story. I thoroughly enjoyed Pretty Sadie McKee, especially now that I know it was written for the glamorous Joan Crawford.

I read Liberty from cover to cover, word for word. I can hardly wait for the new issue.—*Ruth Shettlesworth.*

CRISTOBAL, CANAL ZONE—After reading a part—only a part—of Pretty Sadie McKee (because to digest more was utterly impossible) I began to wonder whether Viña Delmar had ever won a "Dinky" prize. Her vocabulary consisting mainly of "yes," "no," "sit down," "stand up," "good-by," etc., she really should be past master at the art of writing dinkys.

Oh, well! It won't be long now.—*Frances M. Greening.*

PORTLAND, ORE.—Why bring out such rotten stuff as Viña Delmar's serial, Pretty Sadie McKee? Let's have a laugh or a thriller. There is too much trouble today *as is* without such rot as Sadie McKee. I buy Liberty every week but am losing my enthusiasm.

Hats off to Bernarr Macfadden for his editorial on What Is Prosperity? in the July 22 issue of Liberty. Let's have more like it.—*Dr. D. O. Anderson.*

What, Not Even a "Tallow Pot"?

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Good stuff that story by Eugene Jones in the September 2 issue of Liberty; makes me think of the old days when I rode a hog down that very 4% grade—the highest railroad pass on this continent. Jones does a good job of painting—he brings the picture back first-hand—but sh (don't mention it out loud), Jones was never an engineer—not even a hoghead or a "tallow pot." His story lost its credibility (to me) when he says that Miss Ann hit the 55-mile mark running light and down a 4% grade, too!—and full of winding curves. No engine running light can travel on a straight level at that speed without leaving the rails, and as for catching a bunch of running box cars on a 4% grade probably going 60 per, it is next to impossible, unless they jumped the track.

Boiling it all down, many an Eastern engineer who wouldn't listen to the native hoghead's advice has come down that very grade with a train over thirty miles per hour (and with air on every car and with retainers set up) and has never come back. My old buddy, Bill (Red) Colleran, who was an old-time native, crossed the Great Divide trying to do what Boles's protégée did.

Tell Jones I like his stories, but for gosh' sakes write to me for inside information.—*O. F. Norton.*

We Can Do Our Own Thinking But Our Chin Is Just Soso

KEOKUK, IOWA—If some secretary under fifty years old opens this he or she will probably not understand what I am talking about.

In the last twenty-five years large concerns have been growing larger; more of our people have been gradually falling under the authority of some one higher up, until today far too many of them have lost their individuality, their initiative, and the backbone to stand what people did forty or even twenty-five years ago.

Today we are in a storm and we are like a lot of lost sheep in a blizzard.

If this country is to endure, something must happen to put people back where they started from before the growth of big business devitalized individual effort and caused people generally to fall in line with any suggestion that sounds like some one else doing their thinking and taking their blows for them. The poor helpless creatures lately bought stocks and bonds and what not on other people's advice, rather than use their own heads and their own money in creating something for themselves. The whole picture is plain to me. There may be some initiative left in the average person, but I doubt it.

I am fifty-seven years old and have not worked for anybody but myself since I was twenty-eight. I have a boy and am going to tell him for God's sake, before he works for any one else after he is twenty-five, to go West and sleep in a saddle. This country needs more men able to stand up and take it on the chin and not want to hide behind higher authority on the slightest sign of trouble. —*Marshall Smith.*

Here Is a Chance for All You Philosophers to Get Together

WORCESTER, MASS.—Apropos to the article by Professor Albert Einstein in the August 12 issue of Liberty, are we to assume that the mechanism of the Universe is a prearranged scheme, and that the individual is part of this scheme? If such be the case, then we must admit that Life is not meant for individual happiness but as a factor for a world consummation.

This raises the question as to whether the individual exists to make the world better, or the world exists for the benefit of the individual.

Must we construe with Spinoza's philosophy that God and Nature are one, and that Life is not meant for individual happiness but rather for the purpose of achievement? To reconcile with this philosophic belief is to disregard the precepts of religion and to emphasize the physical and forsake the spiritual.

Is the existence of the Universe an endless cycle of events, or is it a series of transitory changes inclining toward some definite consummation?—*Dr. Albert Ginns.*

What Kind of Hair Have You?

ESSEX, MO.—I have just finished reading the story Smile, Damn You, Smile in the issue for the week of September 16. I liked the story all right, but at the top of the first page this sentence was printed: "A story that will make your hair stand on end—don't read it at NIGHT!" I didn't think it was scary; I read it at night and my hair didn't stand on end. Here's to stories with real scares and thrills.—*Jerry Hux.*

What Do You Mean, Crocodile?

ST. LOUIS, MO.—A good beginning, splendid lead-up, and a thrilling and most enjoyable ending.

This does not describe the attempt at short short story writing by Jean Stark in the September 16 issue.

I have been punished with Liberty every week for the past five years, but never before have I wanted to "Machado" a person like I would this Stark, the crocodile.

In conclusion, "No hits, no runs, a page of errors, and 4 minutes and 40 seconds wasted."—*Albert M. Cohn.*

Most People Have Just Forgotten

EDMONTON, ALTA.—O. P. Croom Johnson of London, England, writing to Vox Pop, August 26 issue, regarding Upton Sinclair's Open Letter is apparently under a misapprehension. "Checking account" in the American sense means the issuance of negotiable checks against deposits. The Post Office Banks in England conduct a purely Savings Bank business. Deposits are subject to withdrawal by depositors only (on demand) and checks cannot be issued against them.—*C. W. H.*

You Don't Know How Hard We Worked

JACKSON, MICH. — Congratulations. You have printed a story in which the heroine gets by without "lighting a cigarette" and with all her clothes on. How in the heck did you do it? One Story in Ten Thousand would have been a fitting title instead of One Man, etc., in the September 9 Liberty.—*Ed. Williams.*

A Dakota Folk Tale

ABERDEEN, S. D. — I like Liberty because it is so useful in stuffing mice holes, because even the mice refuse to gnaw on such stale features. It also is nice to have the word "End" at the finish of a story, as otherwise one might go on reading the ads without knowing the difference.—*Earl Brothers.*

Phooey to You, Willie

SAVANNAH, GA.—Yours is the most overrated magazine in the country. Why don't your readers quit fooling themselves? Of course it's good in parts (small parts) but, on the whole, Phooey.

No chance of this appearing in your Vox Pop because nothing from Savannah ever has.—*Little Willie Jackson.*

Brief But to the Point

WHITTIER, CALIF.—Just a few words to express my feelings on Liberty for September 2. Two things stand out: Bernarr Macfadden's editorial, one of the best—if not THE best he has written, and Jay Franklin's article on the Economic Conference. — *Franklin L. Morgan.*

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The Potters *See a Movie* —almost

A Lesson in the Gentle Art of Planning a Pleasant Evening

By J. P. McEVOY

Illustrations by J. H. STRIEBEL

(Reading time: 8 minutes 10 seconds.)

THE Potters—a typical American family—believe in rugged individualism. In fact they are so rugged about it that nothing can be accomplished without a terrific amount of give-and-take. Unfortunately there is very little give in a Potter and a Potter will never take anything from another Potter. Hence wars have been fought and won with less effort than it takes to get the Potters together on any given project, from collecting the week's laundry to deciding who will answer the phone. Tonight they are involved in one of their favorite frays.

PA: If we're going to the movie tonight, c'm on. Let's go. Stop stalling around.

MAMIE: I'm not dressed.

BILL: What movie?

PA: Are we going over all that again?

MA: I want to see Peg o' My Heart. I love that dog. Peter—is that his name?

MAMIE: That's so sappy. I want to see Sock That Broad, with Cagney.

BILL: I could give you the same effect with a clip on the chin and save you fifty cents.

MAMIE: You're just jealous when you see a he-man in the movies. Drug-store cowboy!

MA: I think he's vulgar. I want to see Peg o' My Heart. I love a good cry.

PA: There's enough to cry about right here. I could start crying over that steak we had tonight. Boy, was it tough!

MA: Maybe you could buy better steaks with the money you give me to run this house.

PA: This isn't going to the movies. C'm on, let's go.

BILL: Where are we going? Does anybody know? Can anybody find out?

PA: I know what I want to see. She Done Him Dirt, with Mae West.

MA: Pa! That awful person!

BILL: I'd like to see what would happen if Cagney tried to clip *her* on the chin.

MAMIE: I'd like to see Cagney clip you on the chin just once.

BILL: Aw, he's a big fake. Now, Mae West is the real stuff. Ain't she, Pa?

PA: *(Glowing)* You said it. Brings back my youth. When I was a boy—

MA: Let's not go into that. Aren't we going to see Peg o' My Heart?

BILL: How about getting Cagney to clip Peg on the chin? Then you could have a good cry.

MA: You're worse than your father.

PA: Bill's all right. We understand each other, and I'm not going to see Peg o' My Heart.

BILL: *(Consulting paper)* Fay Wray's at the Regent. I wonder who's making passes at her this time. Last time it was an octopus.

MAMIE: The time before that it was King Kong.

BILL: What I couldn't get was what King Kong thought he could do about her when he did get her.

MAMIE: I was crazy about King Kong. Wasn't he cute?

BILL: That big pansy! I prefer the octopus. I'd like to see Cagney try to clip an octopus on the chin.

PA: Say, are we going to the movies or aren't we? C'm on, let's go.

MA: Go where? Does anybody know? Where are we going?

PA: Well, we're not going to see Peg o' My Heart.

MAMIE: Let's see Sock That Broad. It's all about backstage at the Follies.

BILL: That's new!

MAMIE: What do you know about it? You couldn't get backstage at a shooting gallery.

MA: I remember now. It was Michael. Laurette Taylor.

BILL: If I were going to be in the movies, I think I would rather be an octopus. He's always working. Wonder what he gets.

MAMIE: Fay Wray.

BILL: It's not enough.

MA: It was an Airedale, and they wouldn't let Peg sleep with it. I cried so!

BILL: How many years ago was that?

MA: Oh, I don't know. Let me see. We were living

Pa: I've got nine forty. Wait a minute. *(Horrified)* It's stopped!

on Prairie Avenue; I remember there was a doctor who lived across the street. What was his name, Pa?

BILL: It would be a different dog now. Dogs only live ten years.

PA: Fifteen.

MA: Dr. Bannerman, that was the name. He loved tulips. Remember, Pa?

PA: I'm going to take a nice nap, and when you decide where we're going you can call me.

MAMIE: Sock That Broad has got a swell tune in it. You Slay Me, Baby. "You slay me, baby, you knock me dead—"

MA: "Peg o' my heart, I love you. We'll never part—I love you." Remember that, Pa? We were at Hudson Lake.

PA: I'd rather not think about it. It's all very sad.

MA: I like that! You had some sentiment in those days. Now what are you interested in? Mae West!

PA: She has feeling.

MA: She's vulgar.

BILL: Aren't we all?

MAMIE: Speak for yourself.

PA: C'm on, for the love of Mike. Let's go!

BILL: Joan Crawford is at the Bijou.

PA: In what? I like her.

BILL: It's called Oh, the Pain of It.

MAMIE: That's what she gives me, trying to imitate Garbo. She could never look like Garbo in a million years.

BILL: She could with King Kong's shoes.

MAMIE: You leave King Kong alone! I like him. He's sweet.

PA: *(Wearily)* C'm on, let's go. Let's see Joan Crawford.

MAMIE: Over my dead body.

BILL: A very good idea.

MA: The fisherman father could never see poor little Peg again. How I cried!

PA: I'm going to cry pretty soon if we don't start. C'm on, let's go!

MAMIE: I'm not dressed.

BILL: Who cares? Let's go see Mae West.

MA: *(Sings)* "Peg o' my heart, your glances With Irish art entrances—"

BILL: How can glances entrances? That don't make sense.

MAMIE: Don't! Doesn't.

BILL: Doesn't what?

PA: Good night, folks.

MA: There you go—taking your shoes off in the living room again! How many times have I told you—

PA: That's what I like about Mae West. You could take your shirt off in the living room.

BILL: The movie I would like to see would be Romeo and Juliet with Mae West and King Kong.

MAMIE: Where did you ever hear about Romeo and Juliet? All you ever read is detective magazines.

BILL: Don't you wish that you were able to read?

MA: I can remember every word of it. I cried and cried!

PA: I can remember way back when we were going to the movies.

MAMIE: I think I'll go as I am. Nobody cares.

PA: At last we're started!

MA: You ought to change your shoes, Mamie.

BILL: Your socks too, maybe.

MA: William! How vulgar!

PA: Go change your shoes. Hurry up. C'm on, let's go!

MA: What time is it?

PA: My God, look at the time! What time does the second show start?

BILL: Nine o'clock.

MAMIE: Nine thirty.

MA: The feature goes on at nine fifteen.

MAMIE: No, that's the comedy.

PA: There's a newsreel first. I like newsreels, but we're too late for that.

MA: What time have you got?

PA: I think I'm kind of fast.

BILL: There's a clock in the kitchen.

MA: That's slow.

PA: I've got nine forty.

BILL: We've missed the feature.

PA: Wait a minute. *(Horrified)* My God, it's stopped!

MA: *(From kitchen)* It's ten o'clock, Pa.

PA: We've missed it.

MAMIE: We've missed everything.

BILL: It's your fault.

MA: *(Returning)* What's the matter? Aren't we going?

PA: You've all talked so much and stalled around so long it's too late. I'm going to bed.

MAMIE: *(Bitterly)* That's all we do around this place. Go to bed. God, I'm sick of it all!

MA: *(Dolefully)* I wanted to see Peg o' My Heart. *(Sings)* "Peg o' my heart, I love you. We'll never part—I love you."

PA: *(From bedroom)* Shut up out there!

Further adventures of the Potter family will appear in an early issue.

The Locked

An Amazing Real-Life Tale of a Modern Bluebeard and the Trap of His Innocent Wife

(Reading time: 15 minutes 40 seconds.)

Into all the rooms of the house you may go—except the small room, whose door is locked. Into that you must not go.

FOR the first time in weeks, Ethel Primrose was happy. Only a few days before she had been hungry and miserable, lonely and wretched. The hard times had hit her terribly, and as she walked from the station on that stormy night, she knew that things could not become any worse. She had no umbrella, and the rain was drenching her to the skin. She could spare no money to ride. She was on her way, after one of her hopeless expeditions in search of work, to her sister's house. And she knew that she had little right to impose upon her sister, who also was hard up.

And then this pleasant stranger, with such merry eyes, came up out of the darkness with his—

"Hello, sweetheart!"

And she knew instantly that she was going to agree to anything he suggested. Otherwise she might die of cold and hunger.

He did not propose anything terrible.

"Why, you're getting soaked through! Here, come under this umbrella. Where do you live? I'll take you there. What are you doing out so late? *You* don't look as if you had any business here."

As they walked along together he told her something about himself, and she confided in him—a little. In the end, he did not go quite to her sister's house with her—he had to catch a train himself—but he left her within a short dash of it. And she had agreed to meet him for dinner a few days later, when he would be back in town.

His name was Pat, he told her. She liked that name. And he was the jolliest fellow she had ever seen—a boyish, hearty-looking chap with pleasant eyes and a lot of tousled curly hair. She noticed that when he pulled off his cap and said good night, just before running back for his train.

She had seen a picture of some one like him—a famous singer whose face was often shown on the screen in the cinemas; an American, she believed, but with a foreign name. He had the same eyes, the same nice and honest face, the same air of romance.

A week later they did meet at Charing Cross, and he took her to dinner at a restaurant. Then he told her still more about himself. He had been unhappily married, and he suffered a great deal over it. He really made his twinkling eyes look mournful as he told her how lonesome and wretched he was.

He had been having a holiday. A pal of his had let him have a bungalow, a charming place, on the beach near Eastbourne, and he wanted to go back there over the week-end at Easter.

"It's really a ripping place," said Pat. "Will you come down—just for a lark? Come tomorrow and stay over till the following week. I'll meet you at the station. Just us. You may have to do some of the cooking—do you mind? But there'll not be much to do. I'll take down plenty of food. It's a very quiet place. There's nobody around at all—not for miles."

By EDMUND

Room

Illustrations by
CLYDE PRETTYMAN

Ethel made no argument. It was by far the most attractive proposal she had heard. Yes, she would come.

And on the Friday, to make it as simple and easy as possible for her, he had sent her some money by telegraph; wired her four pounds for her fare and expenses. He met her at the station. They had luncheon in Eastbourne and went out to the bungalow in a taxi.

It *was* a jolly place: a little white stucco house with rosebushes climbing over it, and surrounded by a low wall. It had been the residence of the commander of the coast guard, and was called the Officer's House. There were a living room, two or three bedrooms, a dining room, and a kitchen.

Pat continued to be talkative and merry—the most fascinating man, she thought, she had ever known. His last name, by the way, seemed to be Waller; that was signed to the telegram he had sent her. What did they care about names?

THEY cooked their meals, and they walked along the beach arm in arm. He had mentioned, before they left Eastbourne, that he was making some repairs about the place. He was putting a specially secure lock on one of the doors. And after they arrived he did put on such a lock—on one of the bedroom doors. There were some rare books in that room, he explained. He cut his finger while at this work, and swore a few comic picturesque oaths which made her giggle.

As he was working at the door, Ethel, who was wandering about the passage, glanced over his shoulder and for an instant saw the interior of the room. Just an ordinary bedroom; she noticed a trunk and the bed and nothing else. It did not interest her. And after that the door remained shut and locked—to protect the books. Pat and she slept in the room next to that and opposite the living room.

I think that it was on this first night—Good Friday night—that an odd thing happened. There is no mention of this in the legal records, and you are free to reject this part of the story altogether if you like. But sometime during the night—she could not have told whether she had been asleep one hour or three—Ethel Primrose was suddenly wide awake. Loud in her ears was the voice of a woman sobbing—crying, sobbing and calling, in terrible distress.

The point of it was that Ethel could not decide if this sound ended the moment she awoke. She was not sure whether it was something real that had

After they arrived he did put a lock on one of the bedroom doors.

PEARSON

aroused her, and instantly ceased, or whether she had dreamed the whole of it. But it echoed in her ears, loud and terrifying, and she found herself sitting up in bed with her heart pounding. At her side lay Pat, breathing heavily. He was fast asleep.

The room was dark except for a faint light from the window, and, as the girl listened, there was a distant murmur of surf, and a hissing noise as a wave ran down the beach. That was all.

She hearkened for two or three minutes more; decided that she had been frightened by a dream; lay back and went to sleep.

When she finally woke in the morning, Pat was already up and had started the breakfast. Again she woke out of a dream, and seemed to remember part of it. Her mother had been reading her a story, a story once familiar to her, but now she could only recall the words:

"'Into that room you must not go. If you do, I shall be exceedingly angry with you.'"

Then she recalled the old tale of Bluebeard, and smiled. Pat's locked room and his rare books were still in her mind. After all, this was the most exciting escapade on which she had ever embarked. It was not surprising that she had the fidgets—the surroundings were strange, and she was alone with a man she had never seen until less than a week ago.

But to think any ill of Pat—dear, jolly old Pat—who was out there making tea and frying bacon for her! What rot!

She dressed and joined him at breakfast.

They stayed two days more—days of joy for her; she had never expected to be so happy again. All her small adventures had been dull and drab compared with her holiday in this lovely lonely place with a man who was such fun and so kind. They scarcely saw anybody, unless they went into the town for dinner. The sea was blue and empty; the beach long and smooth, and all their own.

PAT, however, was more abstracted and troubled as time went on. He became silent and nervous. On Sunday there came a telegram making an appointment for him in London early on Tuesday morning. He said they must go back on Monday. This was a business matter and quite important. He showed her the telegram.

Ethel said very little. It was as if the sun had turned black. Her romantic adventure was over. She must return to the city, to poverty and wretchedness, to wondering how she could get her next meal. She had never been driven to the last miserable device for keeping herself alive; this lark, as she called it, was something different. And now it seemed as if it were to be her final taste of happiness.

Pat was gentle and courteous to the end. They went up to London together on the train, and when he left her he said they would meet again. He had her address; she should hear of him. And she did. Everybody heard of him.

Mr. Waller was his name only for the purpose of hiring a bungalow. The "Pat" was correct. To his parents and to all his friends he had been known, for the thirty years of his life, by his real name: Patrick Herbert Mahon. He had a way of making himself popular not only with women but with men. He was always merry and agreeable; an out-of-doors man, with a man's tastes and amusements—a football player; keen in following the races.

There are one or two other celebrated gentlemen whose power of fascinating women has been perpetually mysterious to other men. There was the absurd Monsieur Landru, for example, with all that black hair on his chin instead of on the top of his head—for he was as bald as a coot. What was there about this old gargoyle which charmed dozens of women into putting their lives and fortunes into his lethal hands? And George Joseph Smith—whom men instinctively hated, yet he could travel about, marrying right and left, and smothering his wives in bathtubs!

THERE was no mystery of this kind about Patrick Mahon. He was what used to be called a broth of a boy. You had merely to look at him to expect to hear him burst into rollicking song. Happy-go-lucky, the life of the party, and all that sort of thing.

Ten or a dozen years earlier he had persuaded a girl of eighteen to marry him. She was a woman of character, ability, and endless patience—all of which she needed. A year after their wedding Mahon departed abruptly from his usual course of life. He had been a good boy, an attendant at Sunday schools, and a church member. But he forged a lot of his employer's checks and ran away with a girl—to the Isle of Man.

He was caught, and every one forgave him. The law placed him on probation, and Mrs. Mahon took him back. He went away with her from his native Liverpool, to find work and a new career where nothing was known against him. He had little trouble to do this. He was a live salesman; his employers liked him.

His next exploit was to embezzle sixty pounds of his new employer's money. This time he got a year in jail. After this sentence had been served, the Mahons moved again. In the neighborhood of their new home there was an outbreak of burglaries. The thief was never caught—but Mahon suddenly left the place and the burglaries ceased.

In a town called Sunningdale there was a branch bank—perhaps connected with the manager's house. A girl employed as a servant came into the banking rooms at night, and was instantly knocked senseless with a blow from a hammer wielded by a man who had been trying to open the

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safe. When she came to, the robber was doing his best to make amends by holding her in his arms and kissing her! She got a good view of him before he fled, and later, when Mahon was arrested and brought back, had no trouble in identifying him.

"Five years at hard labor," said Mr. Justice Darling.

Mrs. Mahon, with herself and a little daughter to support, found work with the Consols Automatic Aërators Company, whose factory was near London. She won promotion and influence with the firm, and was even able to persuade them, as soon as her convict husband was released, to give him a job as salesman. Again his employers liked him: within a year he was sales manager.

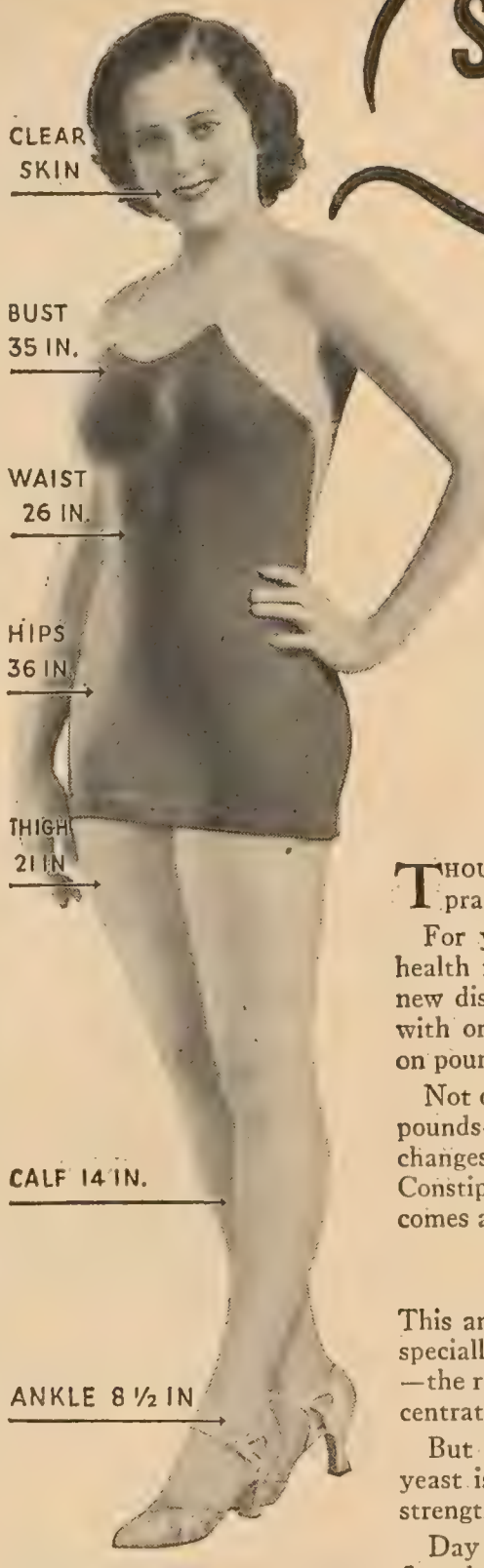
Patrick Mahon for years had been steering his course right into the hands of that grisly official of the Crown who goes about from prison to prison with a small black bag, and whose work is all performed between five minutes to eight and eight o'clock A. M. Patrick now took the final step when he began a flirtation with a typist in the company which employed him.

SHE was a tall blonde woman named Emily Kaye. A business woman, who lived at a club for "bachelor girls," and had saved up more than six hundred pounds. A reckless woman, who not long after the beginning of her acquaintance with Mahon found herself in a predicament which suggested an elopement or a disappearance of some kind. A foolish woman, who let this lover fleece her out of more than half her capital. A determined woman, nevertheless, who began to besiege him to carry her off to Paris and thence to South Africa.

It was Miss Kaye who formed the plan of taking the bungalow at Eastbourne. It was her idea, expressed in pitiful terms, that they should go there for a "love experiment"—that is, that she would have an opportunity of demonstrating that they could live happily together and that she could make herself necessary to him for the rest of their lives.

Mahon was overpersuaded. She badgered him into it. He finally agreed, but he made preparations for an expedition of a different kind from that contemplated by Miss Kaye. It was only two days before they were to meet at the bungalow that he scraped acquaintance with Ethel Primrose in the street, and made the appointment for dinner. And on Saturday, April 12, the day he departed for Eastbourne with Miss Kaye, he went into a shop in London and bought a saw and a long knife.

From Saturday till Tuesday or Wednesday he and Emily Kaye were at the bungalow together. After that no one saw the blonde typist again. On Thursday he went up to London alone, and dined with Ethel Primrose. He invited her to Eastbourne for the following day. And on that day, as we have seen, the girl came,



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This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from specially cultured *brewers' ale yeast* imported from Europe—the richest yeast known—which by a new process is concentrated 7 times—*made 7 times more powerful.*

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Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, watch flat chest develop, skinny limbs round out attractively, complexion clear—you're an entirely new person.

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Then this stranger, with such merry eyes, came up out of the darkness with his "Hello, sweetheart!"

and spent the week-end—so happily for herself and with no suspicion of the other occupant. The bedroom next to theirs contained parts of the mangled body of Emily Kaye.

What kind of man was Patrick Mahon, to do a thing at once so foolish and so brutal? Well, I have a book by a European professor, a study of the mentality of murderers. It is called The Psychology of Murder. Like most books of the kind, it employs many words and says little. Once I talked for a minute or two with a man who made no pretense of his learning; he was merely a writer of detective stories—the late Edgar Wallace. I spent all the time asking about Patrick Mahon—for he knew him. And his remarks confirmed impressions I had formed in reading about other men of this type.

Mahon was a complete egotist; his world began and ended in himself. He could act without compassion or pity, as some folk lack the musical sense or the mathematical faculty. He allowed nothing to stand in the way of his own advantage or pleasures.

He could slaughter Emily Kaye because she annoyed him, and then bring Ethel Primrose down to that reeking house and involve her in public disgrace because he wanted a respite from his dreadful work of disposing of the body.

As he put it:

"The damn' place struck me—it was haunted. . . . I thought I was doing her a good turn. . . . I should have gone stark raving mad if I had not had her with me. It was ghastly."

He really pitied himself!

And not all the erudite writings on the mind of a murderer, employing never so many bits of jargon from psychiatry and Freudianism, can tell you more than what Edgar Wallace said.

MAHON went back to the bungalow after leaving Ethel Primrose in town, and continued his frightful business of cutting and sawing, burning and even boiling, in his endeavor to hide his crime.

He experienced, so he said—and it is to be hoped he spoke truly—every possible agony of terror.

One day he went up to London and checked a bag at Waterloo Station. His wife had been perplexed by his frequent absences (he was supposed to be traveling on business) and

thought he was once again at one of his old diversions, bookmaking at race tracks. She innocently had this bag investigated while it remained in the checkroom, and enough was discovered to make Scotland Yard put men on watch for the owner.

When Mahon arrived to claim it, he and the bag were taken in charge by the police.

The bag contained the knife, together with clothes and other possessions of Miss Kaye, stained with blood. One of the things was the cover for her tennis racket, marked with her initials.

He did not keep up the pretense long. He sat for an hour or two, silent, in the police station, and then began to tell the story, which he repeated, with additions, at his trial.

It was not an unusual one. He and Miss Kaye had quarreled violently, and she suddenly flew at him and attacked him with an ax, with such violence that he was actually in terror for his life!

In the struggle they both fell, and the woman, as he helpfully conjectured, must have hit her head upon the coal scuttle.

"I think," he told the judge and jury, as he related it in court, "that I must have fainted with the fear and with the shock."

When he came to, Miss Kaye was dead.

This, however, did not account for the purchase of the knife and the saw, both of which he used later.

The head of the dead woman — which might have told how she was killed—was never found.

The jury, naturally enough, did not believe Mahon's defense.

Ethel Primrose had been found, and for an hour or two took the witness stand. Weeping, she told the story of her dismal holiday.

She had been totally ignorant of what had occurred at the bungalow.

One other story is told, which is not impossible, although heavily tinged with romance. On Mahon's return to the bungalow, after he had left Ethel in London, he resumed his hideous but necessary work. He severed the head from the body, and placed it on the fire. It was a dark and lowering afternoon, and suddenly the storm broke with a tremendous crash of thunder. At this moment, as the head lay upon the coals, the eyes of his victim opened. Half clothed as he was, the murderer fled out into the rain and stood upon the beach. It was long before he recovered his courage and reëntered the room.

At the trial in July, at the close of his direct testimony, another thunderstorm was raging. His manner of giving testimony was at first cocky and assured. At the close he was utterly discredited in the eyes of the jury.

He was asked, almost as the final question, by his counsel if he had planned the murder or desired the death of Miss Kaye.

He denied it emphatically—and upon the words the court room shook with the roll of thunder.

THE END

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS
ON PAGE 29

1—Henry VIII.
2—Absolute zero is —273.1 degrees centigrade.
3—Professor Pierre Curie and Mme. Marie Sklodowska Curie.
4—Zacharias Janssen, 1590.
5—William Harvey, 1578-1657.
6—The green coloring matter of plants.
7—Remember the Alamo!
8—Florida.
9—Israel Edwin Leopold.
10—Intelligence Quotient.
11—Alfred Nobel, the donor of the world peace prize.
12—An American engineer who supervised the building of the Brooklyn Bridge.
13—A group of Florentine noblemen who founded the opera.
14—Edgar Allan Poe.
15—Sixty feet six inches.
16—Andrew Jackson.
17—In 1880, by the Irish Land League.
18—About 217 miles.
19—April 14-15, 1912.
20—New York, Chicago, and Philadelphia.

IT SEEMED *Silly*

Some days ago we were snooping around the Fortune factory, as we sometimes do, and came upon a young man smoking a pipe while he calmly watched a machine wear out a shoe. Two things in this scene puzzled us. They were (a) that the young man should be smoking a pipe so peacefully in a busy factory, and (b) that he should be tearing down a shoe instead of building one. By minute investigation, we learned he was in charge of the Fortune Testing Laboratory and employed to do just such things. He was smoking a pipe because (a) he had been watching the rough emery wheel dig at the Fortune sole for some seven hours; and (b) the more he learned about why shoes wear out, the better Fortune leather buyers could specify more lasting materials . . . During the last few months, more than 491,000 *new* Fortune wearers have benefitted by this young man's scientific foresight.

See Fortune Shoes at your nearest Fortune dealer's. His name and address sent on request.

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A Short Short Story

The Policy

By T. S. STRIBLING

(Reading time: 4 minutes 56 seconds.)

THE exact timing of the candle disturbed Millway. Candles, he had discovered by trying them out, did not burn evenly. The one he had put under the counter amid the oil-soaked shavings might burn down in half an hour, or it might take two or three hours. He went around behind his counter to look again at the candle and tinder. He wanted the fire to break out after midnight.

A noise behind him whirled Millway around. It was old Mrs. Sears, wanting a pound of soda. As Millway got it with an unsteady hand he wondered if she could see the candle from where she leaned on the counter. He handed over the soda, took her nickel, and said nervously that they were having awfully dry weather.

"A bad time for fires, Mr. Millway—been a lot of 'em lately."

"Sure have," said the storekeeper.

He stood perfectly motionless with his heart beating, wondering what the old woman had meant by her remark. When she was gone he went around to where she had stood. He could not see the candle.

He prepared to lock up his store. He went to the oil lamp that hung from the ceiling, stood on a chair, and turned it out. He stepped down, tiptoed quickly behind the counter, hunkered down, and struck a match. He held it unsteadily to the candlewick. Presently it burned with the clear definition of tallow.

Millway straightened nervously, considered the candle for the last time, then moved with long silent steps from behind the counter to the door. When he opened it a man stood right against him in the semidarkness.

The storekeeper caught his breath. For an instant he thought it was the policeman; then, with deeper dismay, he recognized L. F. Wilson, the village insurance agent. For a second he was speechless, then he wet his lips to plead with Wilson. He meant to say that he was forced to do this or take bankruptcy.

Wilson himself explained that he had seen his light before it was put out and that he had hurried over to buy a dime's worth of mint candy for his children.

Millway caught the knob of his door.

"You stand here," he directed shakily. "I can get the candy without lighting up again. A dime's worth? That's twenty sticks."

The storekeeper groped unsteadily behind the candy case, staring at the faint reflected light of the candle under the counter. He knew Wilson saw it. Wilson had invented the errand of the candy to see inside more plainly. Millway fumbled a handful of sticks into a sack and brought them to the door. The agent's leave-taking was sickeningly deliberate.

"I've taken on another fire insurance company now," he said casually. "I wonder if I could write you a little more insurance with the Monarch."

"More insurance!" The storekeeper thought this was a hint to show him that Wilson had seen the candlelight.

"Yes. Let me come around in the morning and appraise your stock for the Monarch."

Millway felt a sudden impulse to laugh.

"All right, do that. Come around tomorrow and appraise my stock."

The moment Wilson was gone the storekeeper's mirth vanished. He knew he had better go back and blow out the candle. Wilson had seen the light. But he walked home and went to bed.

Sarah, his wife, already was asleep, but presently he waked her up, and she asked him what made him so fidgety.

But Millway couldn't go to sleep. He was awake all over, even his very legs and arms, listening for the fire bell. Silence filled the village. His wife rebegan a faint puffing snore. Then, around the window curtains he saw a growing light. Two minutes later came the banging of the fire bell.

Millway leaped up, shook his wife.

"Sarah! Sarah! There's a fire!"

He jerked on his trousers and rushed outside.

When he reached the corner he could see his store like a huge lantern full of flame. Neighbors ran from all directions with buckets to fight the fire. Then the captain of the bucket brigade saw Millway. He caught up with him, shaking his head.

"Too far gone, Mr. Millway. We can't do a thing. Hope you've got it insured."

"I—I have a little," chattered Millway; "not enough—about a third its value."

At that moment the roof fell in. The whole village stood hypnotized as this ancient enemy of man consumed the store.

When it was quite in coals they trickled away to their homes, their hearts still beating with the tragic pleasure of having watched a fire.

NEXT morning Millway walked down to Wilson's office. He paused at the door, wondering if he were about to get his insurance money or go to the penitentiary.

Wilson turned in his swivel chair and looked at Millway with a somber face.

"Well," he said slowly, "you have come expecting settlement, haven't you?"

"Why—why—y-yes, Mr. Wilson. I—I naturally expect—"

The insurance agent shook his head.

"I'm sorry, Millway. I can't make any."

"You—you can't make any?"

"I hate to tell you, Millway, but—last night—when I spoke to you about my new company, the Monarch—well—my old company, the Acme, has—well, it's gone into bankruptcy. Your claim's no good, I'm afraid. You see, there's been so many dirty scoundrels burning out their own stores during these hard times, it's forced the Acme into bankruptcy. That makes it hard on honest men like me and you."

THE END

TO THE LADIES!

By PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, friend of the famous in Europe, and descendant of the first czar of Russia

(Reading time: 4 minutes 31 seconds.)

FOR your evening party Frances Rockefeller King will send you any show you want—anything from an opera singer to a three-ring circus.

The door of her office is always open.

"Because in my business," she says, "you never can tell what may come walking in at the psychological moment."

To prove it she told me about the parrot. "I was getting up an entertainment for a crowd of old people," she said. "I couldn't think of the right novelty for them. Old people are hard to amuse. While I sat racking my brains, in walked a man with a trick parrot. The bird was a wonder; did marvelous impersonations of celebrities. I hired it for the old folks' party and made a big hit."

Miss King gave me some interesting party tips. Said she never puts the entertainers to work while people are eating. "No show can compete with food," she declared. Believes an entertainment, to be successful, must catch the interest of the party from the very first moment. At present a trained seal and a mind reader are the most asked-for performers on her list.

Frances Rockefeller King runs the National Broadcasting Company's bureau for entertainers. The Rockefeller part of her name comes from her mother, a distant cousin of the John D.s.

AMONG the young matrons of my acquaintance who have had children during the last few years, three have had girls and four have had boys. I am assured that in every case where a girl baby was born she was just as welcome as a boy would have been.

This deserves attention, for it is something quite new in the world. Not more than twenty or thirty years ago a daughter was received into the average family with much less joy than a son.

Frances Rockefeller King

Daughters are still unwanted in the backward countries of Europe and the Far East. Only here in the West, where feminism prevails, has the birth of a girl child become an event of happiness equal to that inspired by the birth of a son.

It seems to me that this is one of feminism's greatest achievements.

SOME weeks ago I wrote about "old flames." I said I thought they do not burn very dangerously as a rule. Now I am no longer sure that my rule was trustworthy—it seems to have many exceptions.

Ever since that item appeared in print I have been receiving letters from people who tell me that *their* old flame is a deadly menace. It smolders so perilously, they say, that they feel as though they were encamped upon a live volcano.

Here's one letter:

DEAR PRINCESS KROPOTKIN:

I am an expert mechanic working in Philadelphia. I make fair money. I have been married twice and divorced both times. And both times I was glad to quit. Now I am free, but look what happens. Last summer on my vacation I run down to my home town in Maryland. I meet a girl I used to go around with. We used to be sweethearts. Right away I forget all about the trouble I have had with those two wives of mine. This home-town kid gets back under my skin. I remember how we used to walk home from dances in the moonlight, and I want to do it again. You know where that leads a guy. Now I am going to get married once more just because of an old flame. And you say they aren't dangerous.

All right, mister. You didn't sign that letter, but I know plenty about you. You're just a born bridegroom. You are the kindling that keeps old flames ablaze. God bless you for it.

When I said that old flames are not dangerous as a rule, I neglected to say they *can* be the hottest emanations from the bonfire that we call love.

IN Chicago I found a new and intriguing salad. My hostess asked me to guess what was in it. I couldn't imagine. The answer was frogs' legs. They are especially popular in the Middle West, I was told. Used as follows, they make this Grenoble Salad really delicious:

Have 6 frogs' legs skinned and cleaned. Stew them in a little water until tender, then cook 5 minutes in milk to whiten them. Cut the meat in small bits, chill, then mix with equal amount shredded lettuce and half the amount watercress leaves. Moisten with thinned mayonnaise. Decorate the dish with celery tufts, lemon slices, and hard-boiled eggs quartered lengthwise.

YOU can scare yourself silly with The Ghost Story Omnibus, a new collection of the world's best spook tales. (Published by Dodd, Mead & Co.)

WHAT'S the use of trying to imitate our Victorian grandmothers? We're too fickle. When they bought a string of big near pearls they wore them for years and years. We won't do that. Our fashions change too rapidly.

For example, the enormous pearl strings we wore two months ago are now passé. Not stylish any more. To be up-to-date this winter you must wear a string of large rhinestone beads hanging down to your knees.

Yes, I said knees!

They are guaranteed to be a knockout if you learn to swing them properly.

Another Crisis and More Thrills and Romantic

Hearts

By R A F A E L

(Reading time: 30 minutes 5 seconds.)

THIS is the story of the adventures of Marc-Antoine, Vicomte de Saulx, in Venice during the last days of the Doges. A secret agent of England, he poses as Camille Lebel, envoy of the French Directory, and as Mr. Melville, an English flâneur. In Venice he meets Isotta Pizzamano, with whom he had an understanding while her father was Venetian ambassador at London, before Marc-Antoine went on a mission to France, where he escaped the Revolutionists' guillotine by bribery. She is now engaged to Leonardo Vendramin, an impecunious noble, who fights Marc-Antoine a duel, only to lose. Then he hires two thugs to kill Marc-Antoine, but the vicomte escapes death. Napoleon, ready to attack Venice, sends Citizen Villetard to Venice, and with Lallemant, French ambassador, plans are laid to secure soundings of the canals. A woman posing as Marc-Antoine's widow, and an agent of France, has Vendramin in her power through loans, and Villetard and Lallemant inform him they will hand over the cancelled draughts to the inquisitors unless Vendramin makes the soundings. Marc-Antoine knows of the loans and tells Vendramin that if harm befalls him he, too, will inform the inquisitors. Vendramin makes an engagement to meet Villetard at the French embassy, with the understanding that if he takes the soundings the cancelled draughts will be turned over to him.

Part Seven—Emancipation

FIRMLY, on the morrow, Lallemant went as far as Villetard gave him leave. And Villetard himself was present to see that he went no farther. For the rest, Villetard loyally supported him in the assertion to Vendramin that, having considered the matter, they were not disposed to surrender quite so much. They must retain the draughts in their possession, and he must rest content with their assurance that these would not be employed to his detriment unless he himself provoked it.

Vendramin, on his side, was no less firm. A night's reflection had hardened him in his purpose. Unless by this act of treachery to Venice he could break the intolerable fetters in which Melville held him, he would not undertake it.

"Since he sets such store by it, Lallemant, let him have his way."

And Lallemant, venting his reluctance in a sigh, had felt himself constrained to yield.

Their design was not to be left in doubt. A piercing scream rang out from the vicomtesse as the two were upon them.

and Swords

SABATINI

When, later that day, Marc-Antoine called at the embassy to inquire whether Vendramin had been enlisted, Lallemant disingenuously brushed the matter aside.

"I have no doubt," he said, "that he will come to it." And he changed the subject.

The ambassador had been able to simplify the task ahead of Vendramin by putting him in communication with a survivor of the associates of Sartoni. This man procured two others who were willing to work with him. But since the fate of their predecessors went to show with what terrible risks the task was fraught, these scoundrels required very substantial emoluments.

Vendramin found the embassy accommodatingly liberal. Lallemant did not stint supplies. Not only did he promptly hand over the necessary funds for those wages of treachery, but he made no difficulty about adding fifty ducats as a douceur to relieve the temporary embarrassment which Vendramin had not hesitated to confess to him; and he promised him a further hundred at the conclusion of the business, so as to stimulate him to use dispatch.

As a result, and also because driven by anxiety to obtain possession of those incriminating draughts, Vendramin went to work with zealous and assiduous diligence.

Each morning when Zanetto—the chief of the men employed—brought him a rough note of the night's labours, he would spend some hours in carefully recording the figures on the chart he had prepared to receive them.

This, however, did not prevent him from making simultaneously a fuller parade than ever of his patriotic zeal at the Palazzo Pizzamano, where he was an almost daily visitor. There was, however, little to be done just then. Hope was encouraged by the persistent rumour that although Bonaparte was now in great strength, and although the Archduke Charles at Udine was not relaxing his warlike preparations, negotiations for peace were actively on foot.

Vendramin worked so diligently that within a fortnight of having set his hand to the task he was able secretly to repair to the French legation one night and lay before Lallemant the chart which he had completed.

The two Frenchmen examined it carefully. Lallemant still had in his possession some of the details supplied to him by Rocco Terzi before he was taken. By these he checked as far as possible the work of Vendramin and found it accurate.

They behaved generously. From a strong box Lallemant took the draughts that had been cashed at Vivanti's and surrendered them. After that he counted out a hundred ducats in gold, which he had promised the Venetian as a gratuity when the task should be accomplished.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN FALTER

Vendramin pocketed first the heavy bag of gold, and then, when he had carefully examined them, the incriminating draughts.

Villetard, who had looked on with his habitual cynical smile, spoke at last:

"Now that you know where good money is to be earned, you may find it suits you to continue in our service."

Vendramin went out secretly fuming at the insolence of such assumptions. But the feeling did not last. It was outweighed by the exhilaration of possessing those draughts on Vivanti's bank. He was like a man whose fetters have been knocked off. He was emancipated—free at last to settle accounts with Mr. Melville without dread of consequences. At last—as he expressed it to himself—he was in a position to repair his honour.

He lost no time in setting about it. With a definite purpose he made his way to St. Mark's.

He strolled the length of the Procuratie, scanning the occupants of the tables at Florian's, greeted here with a nod and there with a wave of the hand. For some time he did not find what he sought. It was only as he was returning that his glance met that of a middle-aged vigorous man in a rusty suit with tarnished lace, who walked with his hands behind him, a cane swinging from them, and a sword worn through the pocket of his coat.

Ser Leonardo halted in this man's path. They greeted each other, and Vendramin, turning, fell into step beside him.

"There's a service I am needing, Contarini," he said. "If you can render it there are fifty ducats for you, and another thirty to be shared between any two likely lads you may know who will lend a hand."

The expression on Contarini's sallow hungry-looking face scarcely changed.

"Does it need three of us?" he asked.

"I am making certain. I want no accidents. And there will be four of us. For I shall be of the party."

The loving terror of that letter, whilst moving him to tenderness, yet exalted him. These lines breathed only of a great love.

Chapter XXIII—The Warning

ISOTTA occupied a high-backed settle near the glass doors leading to the loggia at the garden end of the salon. A servant had placed it for her so that she immediately faced the light with the piece of needlework upon which she was engaged. It was late afternoon, and as the March daylight began to fade she relinquished her work and reclined with closed eyes.

Suddenly she was aware of voices at the other end of the room. From this and the deepening twilight she realized that she had been asleep. The voice that had aroused her was her father's, loud and vehement; and now the smooth level tones that answered him she recognized for Catarin Corner's. Obviously they did not suspect her presence, screened as she was by the high back of the settle. She moved to rise and disclose herself, when words uttered by the red inquisitor thrust her back again, breathless.

"That Camille Lebel and your friend Messer Melville are one and the same person there is, I assure you, no possible doubt. He will be arrested tonight and a thorough search will be made of the effects at his lodgings. But whether that discloses anything or not, there is quite enough before the inquisitors already to determine his doom. He has covered his traces very cleverly, taking advantage of no doubt laudable antecedents so as to establish his credit. Whoever he may really be, the French legation knows him for Camille Lebel, and the activities of this elusive Camille Lebel, whom we had almost despaired of discovering, make up a heavy account against him."

"BUT it is preposterous, Catarin! His comings and goings at the French legation prove nothing. If he had not been in relations with Lallemant, passing himself off as a Francophile agent, he would never have obtained the valuable information which from time to time he has passed on to us. I will tell you this, and you may obtain confirmation of it from Sir Richard Worthington: Melville came to Venice primarily on a mission from Pitt, and his labours here have been unremittingly anti-Jacobin. Isn't that a sufficient answer to these silly suspicions?"

"They are not suspicions, Francesco. They are facts very well established. That he is Lebel we know definitely upon the evidence of Casotto."

"Even so—"

"There is no 'even so' to that. No—no. The little services with which this Lebel has so craftily flung dust in your eyes are as nothing to the disservices the Republic has suffered at his hands. Have you forgotten that the infamous ultimatum by which Venice was put to the shame and indignity of defiling her hospitality, by expelling the King of France from Verona, bore this man's signature? For that, if there were nothing else against him, it has always been our intention to deal with this spy, when discovered and caught, as spies are always dealt with." He paused, and there was a moment's silence before he continued: "You see, Francesco. Knowing your interest in this young man—"

"It is more than interest," the count interrupted him miserably. "Marc is a very dear friend." In angry

protest he exclaimed: "I utterly refuse to believe it!"

"I can understand the reluctance," said Corner gently. "If you desire it, I will have you summoned as a witness at his trial, so that you may urge anything in his favour. But probably you realize that no intervention will avail him."

"I am very far from realizing it." The count spoke with a renewed access of confidence. "Whatever he may have done, I am quite certain that the man who fought at Quiberon and Savenay and who incurred the perils Marc has incurred in the service of his prince could never have been the author of that ultimatum. Instead of incriminating him, it definitely proves to me that he is not Lebel. If you want another proof, you'll find it in his real identity. His name is not Melville, but Melleville; and he is the Vicomte de Saulx. That should prick this bubble."

"The Vicomte de Saulx, did you say?" There was profound amazement in Corner's voice. "But the Vicomte de Saulx was guillotined in France two or three years ago."

"That is what is generally supposed. But it was not so. I knew him and his mother in England before the journey to France in the course of which he was reported guillotined."

"And you say that this is the same man?"

"WHAT else am I saying? You see, Catarin. The disclosure of that fact alone blows all your assumptions into dust."

"On the contrary," he was slowly answered. "It supplies one more and very significant piece of incriminating evidence against him. Have you never heard of the Vicomtesse de Saulx?"

"His mother. I know her well."

"No; not his mother. A lady of fashion here in Venice, commonly to be met in the more modish casini."

"I do not frequent casini," said the count, with a touch of scorn.

The inquisitor continued: "She is said to be a cousin of Lallemant, she is known to us for a spy, but is shielded by her relationship—real or pretended—with the ambassador. She also pretends to be a widow: the widow of the Vicomte de Saulx who was guillotined, but whom you now tell me was not guillotined. You perceive the implications?"

"I perceive a mare's-nest. This woman is an impostor! You have said that she is known to the inquisitors for a spy."

"If she is an impostor your Vicomte de Saulx is singularly tolerant. He sees a good deal of the lady. Considering what she is known to be, do you really think the revelation of his true identity will assist this unfortunate young man?"

"My God! You bewilder me. All this is fantastic. Opposed to everything I know about Marc. I must see him."

"You will hardly now have an

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opportunity of doing that." There was the scraping of a chair. "I must be going, Francesco; I am awaited at home. Consider tonight whether you desire to attend his trial in the morning. Send me word if you do, and I will contrive it."

"But of course I will."

They went out and the door closed upon them.

Isotta continued huddled in panic. This was as terrible as it was preposterous. Not for one moment, not under any arguments urged by Corner, had her confidence in Marc-Antoine known the least wavering. That matter of the existence of a Vicomtesse de Saulx, imperfectly understood by her, she dismissed as the mare's-nest her father had denounced it. But in their rashness, in their present state of nerves on the subject of French agents, the two black inquisitors might easily share Corner's conviction of Marc's guilt, and in that case she knew how swiftly execution would follow.

By this time tomorrow, unless something were meanwhile done, it might be too late to do anything.

She was suddenly on her feet. Then, having made her determination as swiftly as the case demanded, she rustled from the room and sought her own chamber.

Decorations by MONTE CREWS

Her maid, awaiting her in her room, cried out in concern at the deathly pallor of her face.

"It is nothing—nothing," said Isotta impatiently.

In a breath she ordered the girl to summon Renzo, her brother's valet, who in Domenico's absence made himself generally useful.

Whilst the maid was about that errand she scrawled a hurried note with fingers scarcely able to hold a pen.

THIS note, hastily sealed, she delivered to the young man ushered in presently by Tessa.

"Listen, Renzo. You will take a gondola; two oars, so as to make the better speed; and you will go straight to the Inn of the Swords on the Rio delle Beccherie. You will ask to see Messer Melville, and you will deliver this note to him in person. In person—you understand?"

"Perfectly, madonna."

"Listen still. If by any chance he should not be there, endeavour to discover where he is. He has a valet, a Frenchman. See him. Question him. Tell him that the matter is of great urgency, and have him help you, if he can, to find his master, so that you may deliver the note at the very earliest moment. It is very, very important, Renzo, do you understand? And I depend upon you to do all in your power to reach Mr. Melville with it without losing a moment."

"I understand, madonna. If I am wanted here—"

"Never mind that," she interrupted him. "Tell no one where you are going, or even that you are going. Slip out of the house at once. I will answer for you if you are missed. Now go, boy. I pray God you may make good speed. And bring me word the moment you are back." She gave him a handful of silver and so dismissed him.

It would be an hour after the Angelus had sounded, and night had already closed in, when Renzo reached the Inn of the Swords, to be met by the landlord with the information that Messer Melville was absent.

Since the landlord could add nothing to this information, Renzo asked to see Messer Melville's valet. He was conducted by the landlord above-stairs.

"*Morbleu!*" said Philibert. "It seems, then, that all Venice is hunting my master this evening. I had Monsieur Vendramin here not half an hour ago just as eager to find him. It's fortunate I overheard him ordering his gondolier, or you will both be disappointed. He left here to go to the Casa Gazzola. When you come there ask for Madame la Vicomtesse de Saulx. Madame la Vicomtesse de Saulx," he repeated. "That's where you'll find him."

Renzo flung down the stairs and back to the waiting gondola. Within ten minutes he was at the Casa Gazzola.

The vicomtesse was from home, the porter informed him. She had gone out nearly an hour ago.

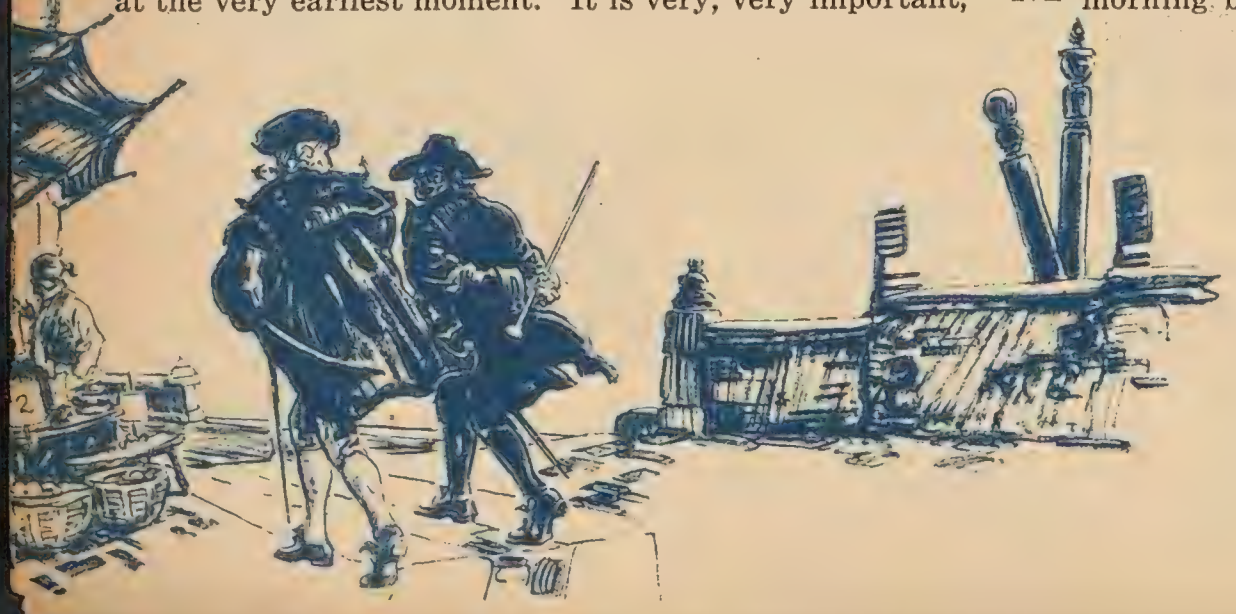
"It is not the vicomtesse I was seeking, but a gentleman I was told I should find here with her. A Messer Melville. Do you know him? Is he here?"

"He left with madame. If your business is urgent you may find him at the French legation."

Renzo reëmbarked, and the black boat glided away and swung presently from the broad waters of the Grand Canal, a-glitter with lights of the Rialto Bridge, into the darkness of a narrow rio to the north. It was a long way to the Madonna del' Orto, and Renzo prayed that he was not making the journey merely again to be sent on somewhere else.

Chapter XXIV—The Pursuers

MARC-ANTOINE had been visited at his lodging that morning by the secretary Jacob, who brought him a letter, addressed to Camille Lebel, which had arrived at the French legation two days ago. The letter was accompanied by a note from Lallemant inviting him to supper at the Palazzo della Vecchia that evening, and asking him to act as an escort to the Vicomtesse de Saulx, who was also expected.



Marc-Antoine sent word back by Jacob that he would be glad to come, and then opened the letter. It was from Barras, and it proved perhaps the most startling communication that the Directors had yet addressed to their plenipotentiary Lebel.

Writing in the name of the Directory,

Barras began by contrasting the strength of the Army of Italy with that of the imperialists under the archduke. In view of the greatly superior French forces the Austrian defeat was considered inevitable. When it occurred, if the situation were properly handled, it should be possible to end not merely the campaign but the war itself. Austria, if properly approached, should be more than ready to make peace. To insure this, the plan of the Directors was that Austria should be offered the Venetian provinces both in Italy and in Istria and Dalmatia as compensation for the loss of Lombardy.

Barras went on to state that instructions to this end were being sent to General Bonaparte. And Lebel was desired to coöperate as might be necessary, and empowered to take all measures that he accounted desirable for the promotion of the end now in view. He was particularly desired to see that an adequate pretext for hostilities was supplied by Venice. Hitherto the Serenissima had yielded supinely to every demand, however rigorous. If she persisted in this conduct, she might rob France of all justification for employing the strong hand. Lebel, on the spot, would see where provocation might be given of a kind to draw Venice into an act of hostility that should open the door for a declaration of war.

MARC-Antoine sat with his elbows on his writing table, his head in his hands, and that letter before him. In these months in Venice he had tasted more than once the bitterness of failure, but never so completely as now. This was the end. The doom of the ancient great and glorious Republic of Venice was written.

It seemed to him, too, that it must prove the end of those personal hopes in which he had come to Venice, and which so far he had been able to sustain in spite of what he found there.

In this despairing acceptance of defeat he remained all day. In the mechanical pursuit of the processes of existence, he was suffering Philibert to dress him that evening, when suddenly he perceived that this was not yet necessarily the end. Sometimes those whom an excessive caution has brought to the point of ruin will, when face to face with it, adventure all upon a gambler's throw.

The indolent, irresolute Doge had hitherto leaned ever upon the conviction that Venice would be saved by other hands than her own. This plan of the Directory should bring him at last to face the fact that if Venice was now to be saved at all, she could be saved only by her own effort.

It was too late for action tonight. But early tomorrow he would bear to Count Pizzamano the news of this daring French plan to end the war, and leave it to the count to arouse the Serenissima to the needs of the hour.

Uplifted a little from his earlier despondency, he went off in the dusk to the Casa Gazzola, so that he might escort thence the lady to whom in his

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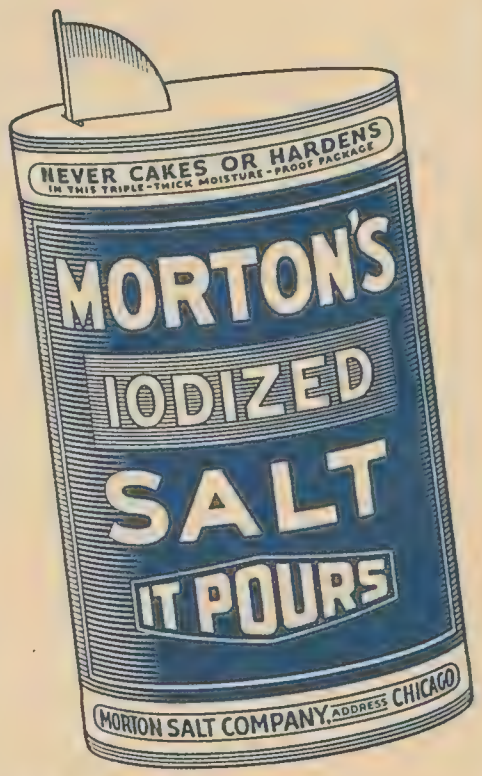

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thoughts he always alluded derisively as his widow.

She received him with reproaches: "It is two weeks and more since you came last to see me. *Fi donc!* Is that the way to treat a friend?"

But in the gondola her mood completely melted, and abruptly she manifested a solicitude that touched him a little.

"I want you to be on your guard, Marc, with Lallemant, and particularly with a friend of his, named Villetard, whom you will probably meet tonight. I don't know how far you may have been imprudent to have become so friendly with the French ambassador at such a time. But, in Heaven's name, tread carefully. I don't want you enmeshed in any of his schemes."

Marc-Antoine laughed gently, and thereby earned her reproof.

"This is not a matter for laughter. I beg you to take care, Marc." She pressed his arm affectionately as she spoke.

"You are afraid that he will enroll me in his regiment of spies. Few things are less likely."

"I hope so indeed. I have meant to warn you before. My concern is very genuine, Marc."

He parried the half avowal by a flippancy: "I thank Heaven that Vendramin can't overhear you, or I should expect to find my throat cut by morning."

"Vendramin! Oh, that!" She spoke in contempt, as if something unpleasant had been mentioned. "I am delivered of him at last, thank Heaven. That nightmare is over."

To Marc-Antoine, knowing what he knew, this could only mean that Lallemant had taken the Venetian off her hands. But it was not a matter upon which he could question her.

He sighed. "The loveliest dreams will turn to nightmares sometimes. It is saddening to hear that it has been so with you."

THERE was a silence at the end of which she turned to him. In the rays of the lantern he could dimly make out her delicate little face. "You imagine that that was ever a lovely dream for me?" She asked the question on a note of bitterness. And then, abruptly, she was pleading: "Marc! Don't despise me more than you must, my dear. If you knew all—if you knew all about me, and all that has gone to make me what I am—you would find excuses for me. Your mind is generous. I must take you for my confessor, dreadful though you may account my confession. But it is less dreadful to me that you should know the real truth than that you should suppose that I could be moved to love for such a man as Vendramin. Listen, then, my dear, and listen compassionately. Let me begin at the beginning."

"Neither at the beginning nor at the end," he cried. "A gondola is not a confessional box; nor is this the hour; nor yet will I permit you to yield to a passing emotion." He seized on this as on an inspiration with which to stop the avowal that he knew was coming. "Tomorrow you might regret this surrender to sentiment."

"Not tomorrow or ever. I want you to know. Perhaps it is you who will hate me when you have the knowledge. But at least I shall have been honest with you. That is what I most desire. To be honest with you, Marc."

HE no more doubted her sincerity than he doubted what it was that she desired to tell him. He was moved almost despite himself. Compassion for her surged in him, and with it a bitter awareness that there was something of the Judas in his attitude toward her. He was the betrayer who held his hand for just as long as it suited his purposes. Meanwhile he had acted the friend in such a manner as to awaken in her a regard which urged her to be honest with him to the point of self-betrayal.

"My dear," he said quietly, "you owe me no avowals detrimental to you. And whatever avowals are in your mind, let them wait until you have considered further."

She yielded to his will in the matter, and by that very yielding showed him for how much his wishes counted with her.

Lallemant received them in his workroom, and gave them a very cordial greeting. Madame Lallemant too would rejoice, he assured Marc-Antoine.

And then Madame Lallemant arrived to speak for herself, and to carry off the vicomtesse, leaving in her place Villetard, who had accompanied his hostess.

The three men were no sooner alone than Marc-Antoine was asking the question uppermost in his mind:

"Lallemant, you never informed me of what happened in the matter of Vendramin."

"Oh, that." The ambassador, suddenly uncomfortable, affected indifference. "That is all over and finished. At the pistol point he did what was required, and so expeditiously that Villetard is already in possession of his chart."

Marc-Antoine frowned first upon one and then upon the other of them. "Why was I not informed?"

The ambassador turned to Bonaparte's envoy. "That's your affair, Villetard. You had better tell him."

Villetard, with a sneer for Lallemant's cowardice, related coldly, briefly, and exactly what had taken place.

Marc-Antoine's manner betrayed something of his dismay. "And you surrendered to him those draughts!"

For months he had been waiting patiently for this thing to happen, waiting to see that scoundrel drawn into a situation in which he could be dealt with for what he was. And now that he learnt of it, he learnt at the same time that the fellow had been allowed not only to escape from the net but to take with him the only

evidence upon which he could have been incriminated.

"Why do you suppose that I am here?" he asked them, suddenly white with fury. "You leave me marvelling at your temerity in ignoring me in such a matter."

Villetard took it upon himself to answer.

"I must take the blame for that," he said with insolent indifference.

"Is that so? Then let me inform you that the next time you expose yourself to similar blame the consequences will be serious. I'll say no more about it now. But if we are to work in harmony, Citizen Villetard, you will keep it present in your mind that here I am the plenipotentiary representative of the Directory, that steps of any political significance are not to be taken behind my back, but only after consultation with me."

THERE was a stir of colour in Villetard's lean cheeks. But Marc-Antoine gave him no time to express resentment. Determined at least to make what capital he could out of the situation in which he had lost so much, he swept on: "And that brings me to another matter." He drew Barras's letter from his pocket. "If you will both read this, it will inform you exactly. I shall leave it here with you, Lallemant, that you may file it with my other documents."

Lallemant took the sheet, and Villetard, silenced by Marc-Antoine's manner and spurred by curiosity, came to stand by the ambassador, so as to read at the same time.

The terms in which Barras wrote were an emphatic and timely reminder to the overbearing envoy from Bonaparte that in the plenipotentiary Lebel he was to recognize his superior.

He went as far as it lay in his arrogant nature to offer an expression of regret—which, however, Marc-Antoine not ungraciously cut short.

But a sense of their offence against the plenipotentiary burdened both Lallemant and Villetard throughout dinner, whilst Marc-Antoine, himself dejected by the thought that Vendramin should have escaped him so completely, contributed as little as they did to the liveliness of the repast.

Scarcely was the meal ended than Marc-Antoine, on a plea—perfectly understood by the ambassador and Villetard—of letters to be written, took leave of his hostess. Upon that the vicomtesse begged to be allowed to take advantage of Monsieur Melville's escort for her return to the Casa Gazzola, and so they prepared to depart together, as they had come.

It would be at just about the time that they were rising from table that the valet Renzo reached the Corte del Cavallo.

Nor was he the only one who was speeding thither that night in quest of Messer Melville.

Shortly after Renzo's call at the Inn of the Swords, Philibert was claimed for the third time that evening to render an account of the movements of his master, and this time it was by an imposing gentleman in a red surcoat, who brought at his heels two archers and a stiffly built sly-faced man in civilian clothes. In the gentleman in red Philibert recognized at once the captain of justice known to all Venetians as Messer Grande. An alarmed landlord hovered in the background.

"Monsieur Melville is not here," said Philibert, in mild alarm.

The captain turned. He addressed his civilian attendant: "Come along, Cristofoli. You, at least, can set about your task."

Cristofoli came forward briskly. "Stand aside, my lad. I am coming in."

Philibert stood aside. Not for him to argue with the law. Cristofoli went past him, and the valet's alarm deepened. It was plain that this visit boded no good to his master.

"Now then, my man." Messer Grande was questioning him. "Do you happen to know where Messer Melville is to be found?"

Twice already that evening Philibert had answered this question truthfully. This time, however, it seemed to him that the truth might not be in the best interests of his master.

"Oh, yes; I think so," he said. "He told me he was going to San Daniele, to the Palazzo Pizzamano."

"The Palazzo Pizzamano, eh?" Messer Grande swung on his heel. "Come on!" he barked to his men, and they marched off in his wake.

Philibert saw them off the premises. Then he called a passing gondola, jumped into it, and desired to be conveyed westward to the Casa Gazzola. He urged the gondolier to exert himself, for he desired to make the most of the advantage gained by sending Messer Grande in the wrong direction.

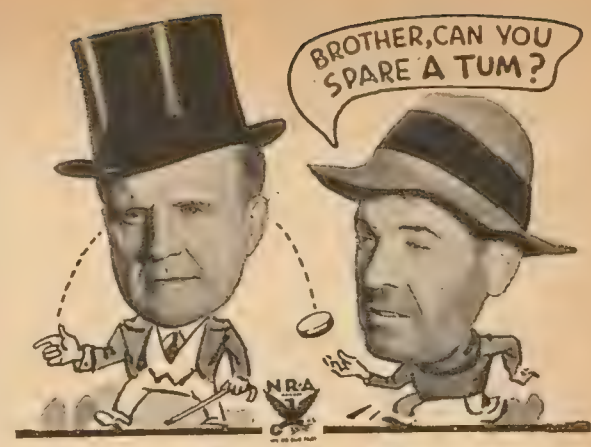
Chapter XXV—Honour Vindicated

RENZO stood in the wide stone vestibule of the Palazzo della Vecchia inquiring breathlessly for Messer Melville. The burly French porter, emerging from his lodge, ended the lad's anxieties with the answer that Monsieur Melville was abovestairs, and he sent up his wife to inform the gentleman of this messenger.

The woman returned with the information that the gentleman was about to descend, and presently Mr. Melville, accompanied by a lady who was cloaked and hooded, stood before Renzo, and recognized him by the light from the great gilded lantern overhead.

By that same light Mr. Melville read Isotta's hurried trembling scrawl:

You are in great danger. The inquisitors of state believe they have proof that you are some one who has been calling himself Labelle, or some such name, and that you are a spy, and they intend to arrest you tonight. I shall die of terror if you fall into their dreadful



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PEOPLE of all ages, from all walks of life, depend on TUMS regularly. For millions already know that these delightful candy-like antacid mints quickly dispel gas and counteract excess acid. Wonderful to relieve and prevent acid indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn, belching and nausea. They contain no soda nor any water soluble alkali. When TUMS correct the acid condition, any excess passes off inert and unabsorbed. Try TUMS yourself—whenever foods or gassy drinks bring on stomach distress. Handy—effective. Get a roll today at any drug store—only 10c.

Free Beautiful new gold and blue 1934 Calendar-Thermometer. Also samples TUMS and NR—*Just send name and address, enclosing stamp, to* A. H. LEWIS COMPANY, Dept. PW-12, St. Louis, Mo.

TUMS FOR THE TUMMY

TUMS ARE ANTACID . . NOT A LAXATIVE

HANDY TO CARRY

For a laxative, use the safe, dependable Vegetable Laxative NR (Nature's Remedy). Only 25 cents. NR

DO YOU KNOW

LAVORIS

It's Different

Because it *Purges* Mouth and Throat—Gets Rid of Embedded Germs

HAIR TROUBLE?

Learn the one correct and harmless way to remove all dandruff and any itch from the scalp; how to stop excessive hair loss, and how it is possible to grow back the lost hair. A famous scientist explains everything in a free booklet. Write—
LINDAY, 361 W. 29th St., New York City

Name .....

Address .....

Sell INITIAL PLAYING CARDS

Earn money taking orders among your friends and others for our beautiful new line of Playing Cards, *including the new Initial Card.* Unique, smart styles; popular low prices! Liberal commission.

FREE Samples

Send to manufacturer for free sample outfit. You can start earning money at once. Thousands doing it now. No experience required. Send name and address for full information and sample outfit—**free.**

Any Initial. Prices lower than ever. Many special bargains.

General Card Co. 1201 W. Jackson Blvd. Dept. 63, Chicago, Ill.

Frank Moran of Seattle, Washington, and the bicycle he has received free.

You too can win a Bicycle!

Just look at the fine bicycle Frank Moran has. Isn't it swell? Hundreds of boys throughout the United States have earned bicycles and other valuable prizes absolutely free. Besides their pockets are flush with spending money—their savings bank books contain healthy figures.

You can get the same rewards these fellows do. It's so easy—a little pleasant work right in your own neighborhood.

Shoot us the coupon below, and we'll send you full details how you can do it, as well as a catalog containing descriptions of more than 400 dandy prizes you can get free.

MAIL NOW!

LIBERTY MAGAZINE, Boy Sales Division L. 10-14-33
1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Please tell me how to join your organization of boy salesmen and make money.

NAME.....

DATE OF BIRTH.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE.....

Have one of your parents show approval by signing here:

.....

Keep your hat CLEAN!

This convenient powder cleaner removes spots without leaving a ring. Rub it on, brush it off,—and your hat looks like new. A year's supply costs only 10 cents. It's great for clothing and rugs, too.

At five and ten cent stores, or direct for 10 cents.

HANDY HATTER, 718 North 12th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

HANDY HATTER

OWN A CARMEL POP-CORN STORE!

Make quick success with CARMEL CRISP . . . sensational new candied Pop-Corn confection. Stores going strong. Openings in many towns. Little capital. We supply complete equipment . . help finance and locate you . . furnish store plans . . successful original formulas . . teach process. Send for Free book . . . "Golden Kernals of Profit." Explains all. Write today. No obligation.

Carmelcrisp Machine Co.
1057 High Street, Springfield, Ohio

clutches. Heed this warning, my dear, if you love me; and leave Venice. Do not lose a moment. I am praying God and the Virgin that I may still be in time. Renzo, who bears this, is to be trusted. Use him in your need. God keep you, my dear. Send me a word by Renzo, if you can, to reassure me. ISOTTA.

The loving terror of that letter, whilst moving him to tenderness, yet exalted him. Here there was no thought or care for what he might have done; no doubt of him; no concern of whether he might or might not be one with this "Labelle" who was a spy. These hurried lines breathed only of a great love that was sharpened by fear. Very tenderly his lips smiled as he read it for the second time. Then, folding it, he placed it in an inner pocket in the breast of his coat.

It was not surprising that at last the inquisitors should have identified him with this Lebel for whom they had so long been searching. He had been prepared for it, and he was not perturbed. It would be an easy matter for him, with the aid of Count Pizzamano and Sir Richard Worthington—who had long since been severely admonished by Mr. Pitt for his attitude toward Mr. Melville—to establish his real identity and the mission which had brought him to Venice. The circumstances of his having assumed the identity of Lebel, and the apparent betrayals which he had been constrained to commit in the character of that representative, would then be clear and credible.

He stepped into the porter's lodge, calling for pen and ink, with which he wrote:

Your thought for me is to my soul as a draught of wine to my body. Dismiss your sweet alarms. Arrest would have no perils for me. I am quite safe, and I shall come in person to assure you of this tomorrow.

"That to your mistress, Renzo, and this for your pains." He pressed a gold sequin into the lad's hand, and so dismissed him.

When Mr. Melville came forth with the vicomtesse on his arm, Renzo, vaguely discernible in the clear night, was vanishing into the narrow passage that led from the Corte del Cavallo to the fondamento where the gondola waited.

The vicomtesse, following his shadowy figure with her glance, saw at that moment another dark figure detach itself from the deeper shadows of a building at the mouth of the alley, hover a moment as Renzo approached, then melt back again into the gloom. But she saw without observing, her mind preoccupied.

"You were a long time below with Lallemant and his friend Villetard," she said probingly. "And at dinner you were strangely silent and thoughtful. Something is troubling you. I hope you remembered my warning. But that man Villetard fills me with dread. He is horrible!"

"Have no concern," he answered. "But you are right to suppose that something is troubling me. We will talk of it at the Casa Gazzola. I may need your help."

He felt her weight increase upon his arm. "I would give it you so gladly," she assured him.

They entered the narrow passage leading to the fondamento. At the far end of it they could perceive the livid gleam of water.

"It would be a happiness—" she was beginning, and there she suddenly checked, looking sharply over her shoulder, to cry out suddenly in loud alarm: "What's here?"

Steps were pattering quickly after them. Two figures were approaching at a run from the Corte del Cavallo, and momentarily there was from one of them the glitter of a naked blade. Their design was not to be left in doubt.

A piercing scream for help rang out from the vicomtesse before the two were upon them.

In next week's installment you will read what befalls Marc-Antoine and the vicomtesse at the hands of the thugs.

$50 IN PRIZES

WE want your honest opinion about the contents of Liberty, and we are willing to pay for it. Our aim is to make Liberty the most outstandingly interesting magazine published in America. You can help us.

First read the contents of this issue and consider each feature in it: editorial—stories—articles—contests—everything, except advertising, between its covers. Then sit down and write us a letter. It won't take you more than ten minutes.

In your letter please tell us:

1. Which, in your opinion, are the best three features, and why.
2. Which is the least interesting, and why.
3. Our best points—our faults.
4. Your constructive ideas on how to make the magazine better.

We are offering a first prize of $15, a second prize of $10, a third prize of $5, and twenty prizes of $1 each.

Prizes will be awarded upon the basis of constructiveness, interest, and practicability.

To be considered in this contest your letter must reach us on or before November 4, 1933.

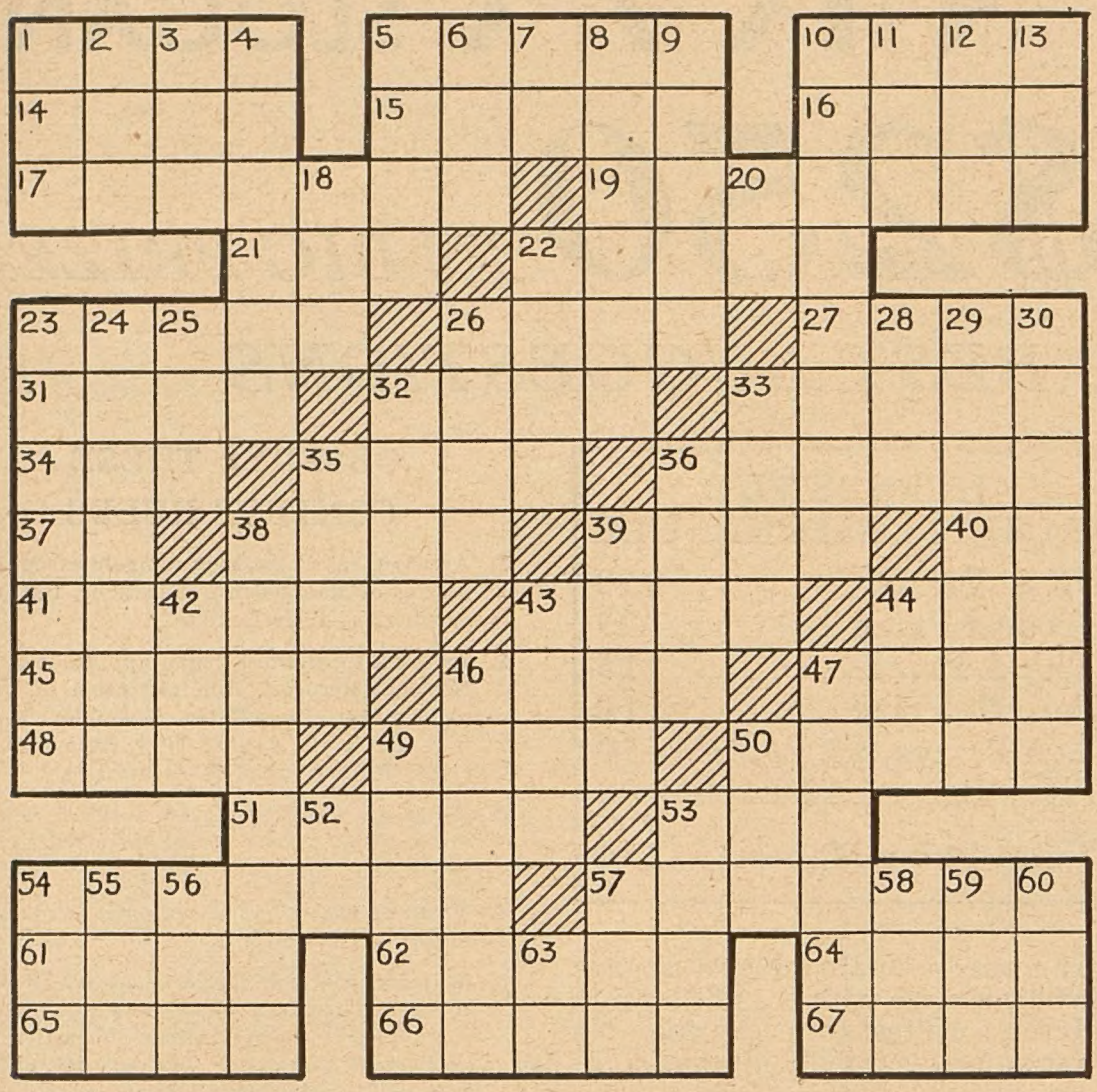
Address: Liberty Constructive Criticism Contest, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

ANSWER TO

JUMBLEJEM ON PAGE 28

Toboggan

CROSS WORDS



HORIZONTAL

1 A clasp or fastening
5 The catch of fish on a fishing vessel (plural)
10 A cloak
14 Imitator
15 Acquire information
16 City in Arabia
17 Spanish ladies
19 Wanderers
21 Moist
22 Jewish title of respect for a doctor of the law
23 Knots in cloth
26 Steeps
27 Drunkards
31 Crude metal (plural)
32 A god of the supreme Hindu triad
33 A mechanical man
34 To lap up
35 To challenge (archaic)
36 Containing salt
37 Over and in contact with
38 A roll of tobacco
39 Diminutive suffix
40 The symbol for an element
41 Medieval tunics
43 Peasants of the Philippine Islands
44 A tree
45 Fastening devices
46 Small bunch, as of hay or straw
47 A trigonometrical ratio
48 Prefix: before
49 To languish
50 Aquatic fish-eating mammal
51 State of falsity

C	O	N	D	U	C	T	S	■	B	O	R	D	E	R
A	M	E	E	R	■	O	T	T	E	R	■	I	R	O	N
A	B	E	L	■	S	N	A	I	L	■	E	V	A	D	E
B	E	D	■	S	P	I	L	E	■	R	A	I	S	E	D
A	R	■	S	P	I	T	E	■	B	O	R	N	E	■	■
■	■	S	P	A	C	E	■	A	L	O	N	E	■	M	A
S	A	L	I	N	E	■	C	R	A	S	S	■	R	O	M
T	R	U	N	K	■	H	O	I	S	T	■	G	A	T	E
O	D	E	S	■	C	O	R	O	T	■	H	A	V	E	N
P	E	S	■	D	I	V	A	N	■	C	O	M	E	T	S
E	N	■	B	E	T	E	L	■	L	A	T	I	N	■	■
■	■	P	A	L	E	R	■	R	I	V	E	N	■	B	E
P	A	R	T	E	D	■	C	I	V	I	L	■	B	A	A
O	B	I	T	S	■	H	O	V	E	L	■	O	I	L	S
D	A	C	E	■	M	E	T	E	R	■	O	B	E	S	E
■	■	S	E	N	D	E	R	■	T	S	A	R	I	N	A

Answer to last week's puzzle

53 Collection of facts
54 Native of Genoa
57 Warded off
61 State to be true
62 Expunge
64 Moved or acted with excited haste
65 A native of Latvia
66 Unity of force in the C. G. S. system
67 Comprehended

VERTICAL

1 Owns
2 A primate
3 A member of the upper house of the legislature (abbr.)
4 Creeps stealthily
5 The surface of a paint not glossy
6 Bronze or copper (Roman antiquity)
7 The Egyptian god of the sun
8 Mistakes in writing or printing
9 One who has vulgar regard for social standing (plural)
10 Woman's undergarment
11 American humorist
12 By means of
13 Being, in the most abstract sense
18 The matter or thing (law)
20 Month of the Jewish ecclesiastical year
22 Recurring
23 City in Italy
24 Astronomical
25 Corded fabric
26 City in Latvia
28 A Japanese sash
29 Kind of life insurance
30 A guide
32 Droops
33 Rodents
35 Snares for game
36 Cease
38 Young cabbage
39 Comfort
42 Cavity
43 A sharp sound
44 Appropriate
46 A wine-making establishment
47 Begins
49 Puzzled
50 Pronoun
52 Note of the scale
53 Salutations
54 Girl (colloq.)
55 Woman's name
56 Free of charges or deductions
57 Peer Gynt's mother
58 Digit
59 Before
60 Lair
63 One indefinitely of a number

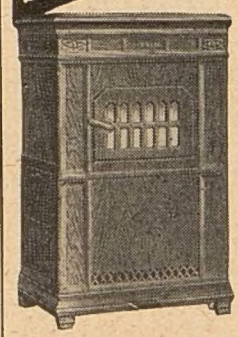
The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

FOR SMOKERS' BREATH

Try LAVORIS It's Different

It's unique in *purging* mouth and throat of tobacco-tainted mucus

FREE SALE CATALOG



Prices Going UP

Higher cost of iron and steel will increase stove prices. Save ⅓ to ½ at present low FACTORY PRICES. Send for FREE catalog. 800,000 customers. Porcelain Enamel Coal and Wood Ranges. Combination Gas, Coal and Wood Ranges, Heaters, Furnaces. Only $5 down. 24 hr. shipments. 30 Days FREE trial. Satisfaction guaranteed.

KALAMAZOO STOVE CO., Mfrs.
1061 Rochester Ave.
Kalamazoo Michigan

Ranges $43.50 UP Heaters $14.50 UP

"A Kalamazoo Direct to You" Trade Mark Registered

One Year From Today

What Will You Be Earning?

This may be the most important year in your life! Your whole future is apt to depend on how you take advantage of present business changes.

The "New Deal" is opening up new jobs, creating unusual opportunities, bringing back prosperity. But that does not insure prosperity for you. Only you can insure that.

For months—maybe years—employers will be able to pick and choose out of the millions now unemployed or dissatisfied with their work and pay. Naturally they will pick the men with most preparation and ability.

You should—you must—make yourself quickly more valuable—to protect what you have and to insure getting your share of the promotions and pay raises. It is being done by OTHERS—it can be done by YOU!

Ask us to send you full details about our new spare time training, and to explain how it prepares you to meet today's demands and opportunities, also about our salary-increasing plan. If you really are in earnest, you should investigate *at once*. Check your field below, write your name and address, and *mail*.

LaSalle Extension University
Dept. 1031-R Chicago

Send me, free, the facts about the demands and opportunities in the business field I have checked —and about your training for that field.

☐ Higher Accountancy
☐ Expert Bookkeeping
☐ Business Management
☐ Traffic Management
☐ C. P. A. Coaching
☐ Grocery Store Management
☐ Modern Salesmanship
☐ Industrial Management
☐ Modern Foremanship
☐ Business English
☐ Law—LL. B. Degree
☐ Commercial Law
☐ Stenotypy
☐ Effective Speaking

Name .....

Present Position .....

Address .....

INVENT AN NRA SLOGAN!

LIBERTY PAYS $250 IN BIG PRIZES

FOR THE BEST SUGGESTIONS

USE THREE WORDS WITH NRA FOR THE INITIAL LETTERS

Sixty-Four Cash Prizes Will Be Paid

Win One for Yourself!

HERE IS THE CASH PRIZE SCHEDULE	
First Prize	$50
Second Prize	25
Third Prize	15
Fourth Prize	10
Ten Prizes, $5 Each	50
Fifty Prizes, $2 Each	100
Total Prize Money	$250

LIBERTY will pay $250 in sixty-four cash awards for three-word slogans using the initials NRA. Can you invent a prize winner and share in the awards? It ought to be easy! Here's a contest for every one. No reference or research work is required. Just an active mind and some writing material.

Look at the sample slogans cited in Rule 2: Nominate Roosevelt Again. Now Recovery Arrives. Nation Reclaims Abundance. No doubt you can improve on these. They're just given to illustrate the idea. Get busy and invent some yourself. Why not jot down a list of several and choose the best of the lot for your official entry? Your chance to win one of the prizes is excellent if you enter. Don't put it off! You may forget until the closing date ends your chance to get into the contest. Get out your pencil right now and jot down your slogans as they occur to you.

Read the brief rules carefully, particularly Rule 3. Be sure to include this suggestion with your slogan. It's important.

This contest closes Monday, October 30, which gives you ample time to enter.

OBSERVE THESE CONTEST RULES

1. Any one, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.
2. Invent a three-word slogan applicable to the National Recovery Administration and employing the initials NRA. Examples: Nominate Roosevelt Again; Now Recovery Arrives; Nation Reclaims Abundance.
3. Write a suggestion of 250 words or less on the subject, "What Would Make NRA More Effective in My Community?"
4. Write on one side of paper only, using typewriter or pen and ink.
5. The slogan which carries the most inspirational and patriotic appeal and which is accompanied by the best note of suggestion will be awarded first prize. The next best on this basis will receive second prize, etc.
6. Notes of suggestion will be judged on the basis of clarity, practicability, and helpfulness.
7. Sixty-four prizes will be awarded as follows: First prize, $50; second prize, $25; third prize, $15; fourth prize, $10; ten prizes, each $5; fifty prizes, each $2. Total prizes, $250.
8. Address all entries to NRA CONTEST EDITOR, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.
9. This contest closes Monday, October 30, 1933.

AUGUST 12 SCRAMBLED GEOGRAPHY WINNERS

IN announcing the prize winners in the August 12 Geography Contest, attention is again called to the consideration of statements of preference by the judges. Hundreds of correct lists of words being received, the award of prizes devolved upon the excellence of these statements. If your list was correct but you are not among the winners, either you failed to include a statement or your statement was not judged prize-worthy.

CORRECT NAMES

EGYPT — NIGERIA — BRAZZAVILLE — LIMPOPO — KIMBERLEY — NAIROBI — TANGIER — LEOPOLDVILLE — STANLEYVILLE — MOZAMBIQUE — TANGANYIKA — UGANDA — AGULHAS — TAMALE — DAMIETTA — ZAMBEZI — CAIRO — TRIPOLI — CASABLANCA — RHODESIA — SUDAN — CAMEROON — TRANSVAAL — JOHANNESBURG — DURBAN — ABYSSINIA

$50 FIRST PRIZE

MRS. W. H. PICKETT, Atlanta, Ga.

$25 SECOND PRIZE

ALBERT REHBERGER, Bronx, N. Y.

$15 THIRD PRIZE

MRS. D. W. STRICKLAND, Birmingham, Ala.

$10 FOURTH PRIZE

AUSTIN T. PARK, Redlands, Calif.

TEN $5 PRIZES

G. B. Campbell, Upper Darby, Pa.; Edwin Costrell, Bangor, Me.; L. G. Gardemal, Lake Charles, La.; Walter H. Jentzsch, Chicago, Ill.; Elsie Keber, Flushing, N. Y.; George Chase Lewis, New York, N. Y.; Arvo Mahla, Fort Stanton, N. M.; Carl W. Merrick, Springfield, Mass.; George F. Storey, Hawthorne, N. J.; Kitty Wilson, Aurora, Ill.

FIFTY $2 PRIZES

Mrs. Lillian M. Amick, Washington, D. C.; Rose M. Anderson, Jacksonville, Fla.; Anna F. Biele, Warrensville, Ohio; E. S. Boyd, Dallas, Tex.; Bion A. Bridges, Honolulu, T. H.; J. W. Brumley, Columbus, Ohio; Carl R. Canterbury, Moline, Ill.; Myrtle Clark, Mayville, Wis.; J. W. Cranford, Washington, D. C.; Herman J. Duncan, Alexandria, La.; Harry W. Ekberg, Cleveland, Ohio; Mrs. H. M. Estle, Crookston, Neb.; Howard S. Evans, Philadelphia, Pa.; Doris Faulkner, Norwood, R. I.; Ward Franks, Montour, Iowa; Mrs. C. W. Gibbs, Salt Lake City, Utah.

A. Gmuer, New York, N. Y.; Mrs. Frank Grove, Terre Haute, Ind.; Ruth Havely, Morristown, Tenn.; E. D. Heald, Baltimore, Md.; M. Heath, Denver, Colo.; Mrs. Russell Hibbs, Stafford, Kan.; John Hutchison, Jersey City, N. J.; Lee Inman, San Francisco, Calif.; H. S. Lewis, Washington, D. C.; Ernest R. Lowe, Waltham, Mass.; Robert H. McBride, Washington, D. C.; Anna Miller, Philadelphia, Pa.; Erma Narron, Washington, D. C.; George A. Nelson, Longview, Wash.; Armand O'Donnell, Haverhill, Mass.

John S. Oldham, Denver, Colo.; Virginia Parsh, Detroit, Mich.; Edwin D. Peacock, Fort Benning, Ga.; W. H. Peters, Woodside Terrace, N. Y.; Herman Radloff, San Francisco, Calif.; Mrs. Alice Reiff, Cincinnati, Ohio; Mabel J. Ruff, Wichita, Kan.; Ernie Rugley, Los Angeles, Calif.; Mrs. Mabel C. Shawn, San Anselmo, Calif.; Bessie Mae Smith, Cincinnati, Ohio; Cliff Summerville, Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. R. M. Tate, Birmingham, Ala.; Mrs. C. S. Thomes, Vallejo, Calif.; J. W. Travis, Toledo, Ohio; Charles M. Truax, Los Angeles, Calif.; K. Walker, San Diego, Calif.; Meda L. Walter, Oakland, Calif.; Mrs. Eunice H. Winston, West Point, Ga.; Pennock H. Wollaston, West Point, N. Y.

BREAKING INTO SOCIETY

MRS. BLAIR PHONED. WANTS US OVER FOR BRIDGE, TONIGHT
SO WE'RE BREAKING INTO SOCIETY! WELL, I'M NOT GOING BLAIRS ARE SNOBS—ONLY ASK US WHEN SOMEONE ELSE BACKS OUT
I KNOW... BUT WE GET SO FEW INVITATIONS. I'M LONESOME. DO LET'S GO
NO! ANOTHER REASON IS I'M TOO TIRED. SAY, HAVE I TIME FOR A BATH BEFORE DINNER?
YES, AND THERE'S SOME NEW TOILET SOAP— LIFEBUOY. THE GROCER SAYS IT'S SO REFRESHING
TO HERSELF—
I DAREN'T TELL HIM HE NEEDS TO USE LIFEBUOY. HE'D BE SO HURT IF HE KNEW HE OFFENDED WITH "B.O."

WHAT THE BLAIRS THOUGHT—
THEY'RE A NICE COUPLE. LET'S HAVE THEM OVER OFTEN. BUT I THOUGHT YOU SAID HE WAS.. .. CARELESS ABOUT "B.O."
SO HE WAS. BUT HE MUST BE USING LIFEBUOY NOW. I'M SO GLAD. I'VE ALWAYS LIKED HER AND NOW WE CAN BE REALLY NEIGHBORLY

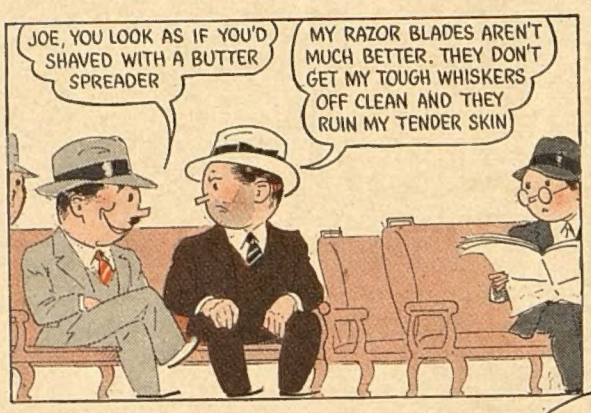
NO WONDER women everywhere are enthusiastic over Lifebuoy! For they not only find that Lifebuoy baths protect daintiness—prevent embarrassing "B.O." (*body odor*)—but that Lifebuoy is marvelous for the complexion, too.

Its lather is bland and soothing. Yet it gives thorough, *pore-deep* cleansing. It gently washes away clogged impurities; freshens dull skins to glowing health and beauty.

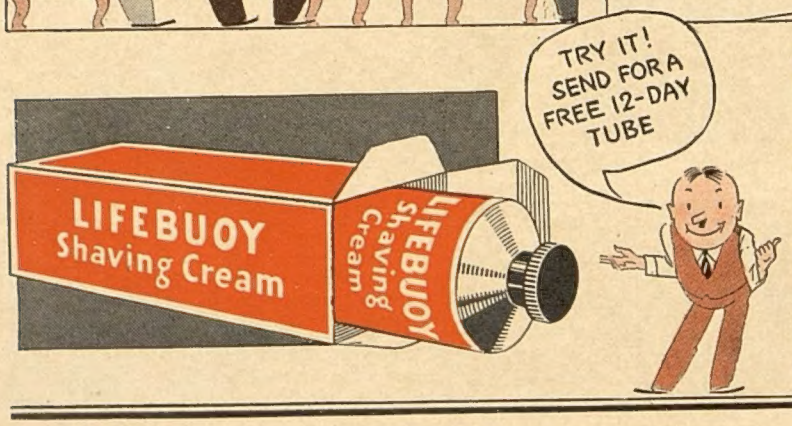
Its very smell is different

You'll quickly learn to love its fresh, clean, quickly-vanishing scent. It tells you Lifebuoy is different from ordinary toilet soaps—does *more!*

HELPFUL HINTS FOR SHAVERS


JOE, YOU LOOK AS IF YOU'D SHAVED WITH A BUTTER SPREADER
MY RAZOR BLADES AREN'T MUCH BETTER. THEY DON'T GET MY TOUGH WHISKERS OFF CLEAN AND THEY RUIN MY TENDER SKIN

TEN TO ONE IT'S NOT THE BLADES AT ALL. TRY LIFEBUOY SHAVING CREAM. IT WILTS TOUGH BEARDS—SOOTHES THE SKIN
YOU'RE ON. I'LL TRY IT TOMORROW MORNING



Drown all your shaving troubles in this extra-moist, soothing lather

EVEN if you have a tough beard and tender skin—with this extra-moist lather you get clean, smooth lasting shaves *in solid comfort.* Lifebuoy Shaving Cream holds 52% more moisture. It softens up the meanest whiskers—so the razor gets them off clean—without pull, rasp or burn. Soothes the skin—leaves it smooth, supple, relaxed. Get the big red tube at your druggist's. Or write Lever Brothers Co., Dept. A1210, Cambridge, Mass., for a free trial tube. (This offer good in U.S. and Canada only).

Chew Tempters!

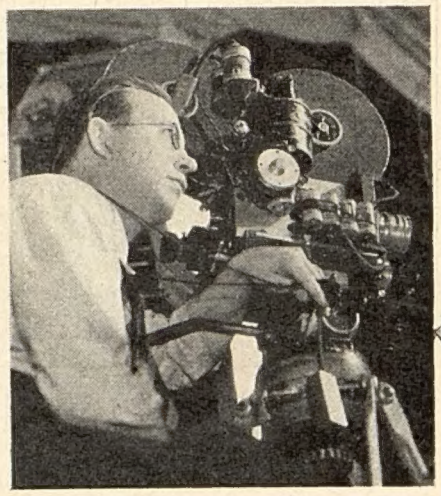
It's a Hollywood Habit

(If you should doubt it, look at the cast of "Too Much Harmony," a Paramount Production)

Look at those smiles! Look at those teeth! The luscious ladies in "Too Much Harmony" are wild about Tempters, the new chewing gum sensation that became Hollywood's habit over night. Why so popular? Because they're new and *different.* Absolutely fresh flavor is sealed in and kept fresh by a crisp delicious candy coating. No other flavor can compare with the quick tasteful rush of savor when you bite into a Tempter. And what a flavor assortment . . . peppermint, spearmint, licorice, cinnamon, tutti-frutti. Select your favorite or try them all. Four Tempters in a Sylphrap pack. Three packs for 5c. What a nickel's worth!

What! Bing Crosby not crooning? How unusual! Judging by the smile, guess he just took time out to have a Tempter.

Ready! Action! Camera! Shooting scenes from trick angles is all in the day's work to Cameraman Sparkuhl. But it takes steady nerves, and it helps to chew Tempters. Which flavor? Any one! He likes all five.



5 STARS SELECT THEIR FAVORITE TEMPTERS

RED
Cinnamon

★ For Judith Allen — Cinnamon Tempters — she likes that tangy flavor you can't chew out.

PINK
Tutti-frutti

★ Try to find Kitty Kelly without a cute little bundle of Tempters — Pink Tutti-frutti for her.

WHITE
Peppermint

★ What else but real Peppermint would suit happy Jack Oakie?

ORANGE
Licorice

★ And for Skeets Gallagher — good old Licorice. A he-man flavor for a he-man actor.

GREEN
Spearmint

★ Oh yes, Toby Wing, here's yours. Delicious Spearmint — the best of all, many say.

Tempters 5 FLAVORS 3 FOR 5 CENTS

A BETTER FLAVOR FOR EVERY TASTE